

*The Australian*  
**WOMEN'S  
WEEKLY**

*Reason.*



*Periodical Dept.*  
**Over 750,000 Copies  
Sold Every Week**

Registered in Australia for  
transmission by post as a  
newspaper.

APRIL 21, 1951

PRICE

6<sup>d</sup>

Undiscovered  
**AUSTRALIAN BEAUTIES**  
MARION BARRY, of Brisbane  
See page 15

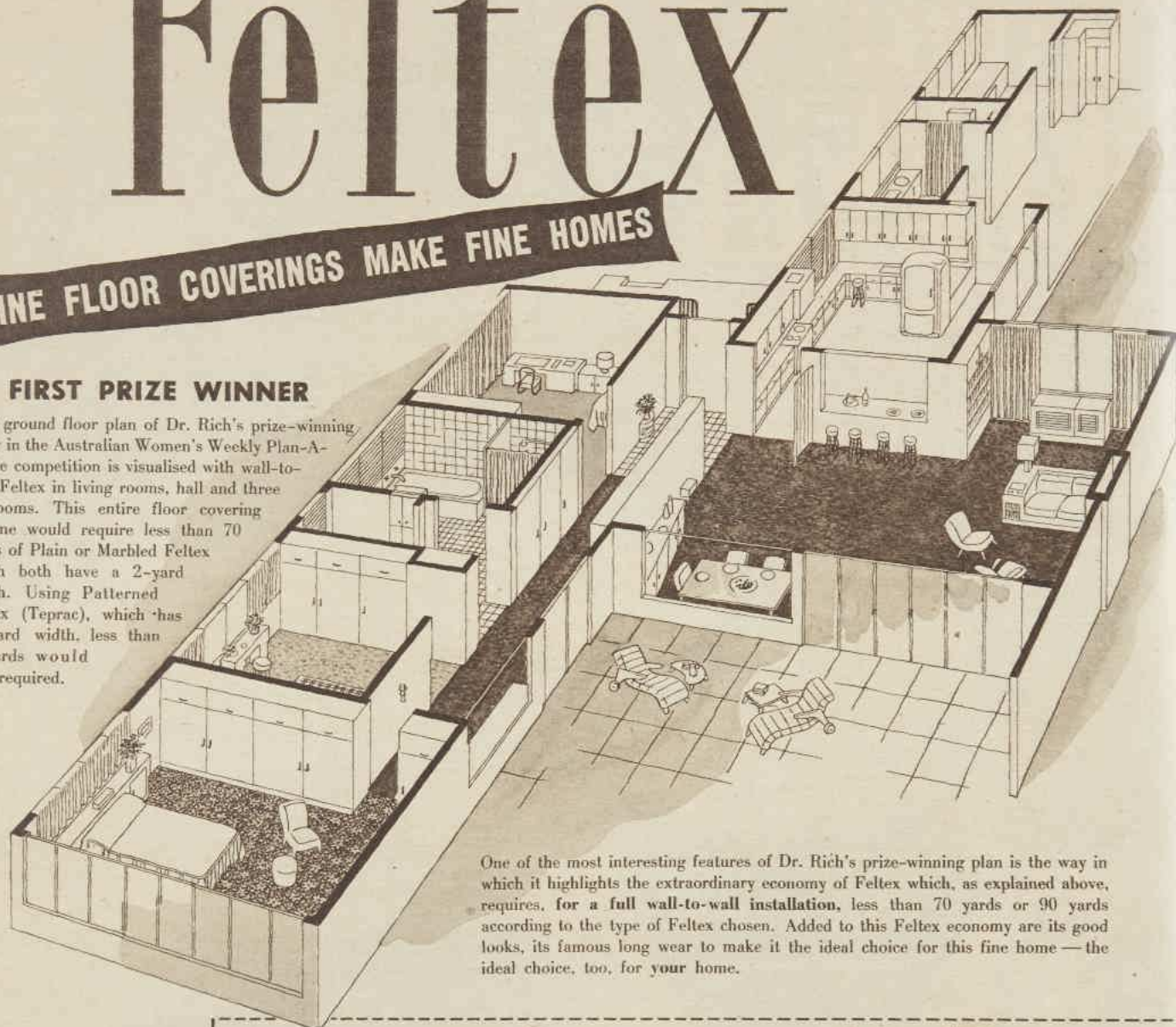


# Feltex

**FINE FLOOR COVERINGS MAKE FINE HOMES**

## FIRST PRIZE WINNER

This ground floor plan of Dr. Rich's prize-winning entry in the Australian Women's Weekly Plan-A-Home competition is visualised with wall-to-wall Feltex in living rooms, hall and three bedrooms. This entire floor covering scheme would require less than 70 yards of Plain or Marbled Feltex which both have a 2-yard width. Using Patterned Feltex (Tepnac), which has 14-yard width, less than 90 yards would be required.



One of the most interesting features of Dr. Rich's prize-winning plan is the way in which it highlights the extraordinary economy of Feltex which, as explained above, requires, for a full wall-to-wall installation, less than 70 yards or 90 yards according to the type of Feltex chosen. Added to this Feltex economy are its good looks, its famous long wear to make it the ideal choice for this fine home — the ideal choice, too, for your home.

Feltex is the original wool felt floor covering manufactured in Australia, with the reputation of over a quarter of a century behind it. When you are considering floor coverings, remember that all floor felt is NOT Feltex.



**FELTEX** always gives a room that air of luxurious comfort. And the wide range of colours to choose from ensures that, no matter what your tastes in interior decoration, there is a Feltex to match.



**FOR BEDROOMS** there could be nothing cozier or more pleasing than Feltex — so soothing, so restful, so soft and springy under foot. Remember, too, Feltex keeps its fresh, new look for years.



**FELTEX** is a most practical floor covering — the most economical to buy, easy to clean, always good to look at. You'll never regret choosing Feltex, a branded product — look for the brand.

**FELT & TEXTILES OF AUSTRALIA LTD., Manufacturers of Plain, Marbled and Patterned Feltex (Tepnac)**





## Life begins on FRIDAY NIGHT

**W**HEN Jocelyn picked up the receiver, Roger said: "Darling, it's so wet and miserable out. I'm at quite a pleasant hotel, where the water's hot and the food's good—so I think I shall stay the night. Do you mind, dear?"

Jocelyn's voice showed nothing of what she felt. She said: "Of course not, Roger. It's a foul night and you must be dead, driving all that distance."

"I'll get up at daybreak," he promised. "I want to get home early. If this rain stops, Tom and I have arranged a game of golf."

"That will be nice." She studied the hand holding the receiver; the nails were long, oval, and freshly painted. She had spent a long time over them.

"How are the children?" Roger asked.  
"Wonderful as ever." She didn't mention the baby's cough. It had started on Monday, but was gone now, Friday night. Life begins on Friday night, she thought. Only not this Friday. Nor last.

Roger said: "I missed getting home last weekend."

"Was the deal successful?" she asked brightly. "No, don't tell me about it now. I want to hear all the details."

Roger laughed. "What have you been doing with yourself?" he asked.

She waited a moment, clutching the bath towel around her, feeling the water trickle down her back.

"This and that," she answered gaily; "reading. Fixing the curtains—again. Teaching Martha to make that apple snow you liked so much at the Trainers'. Marcia drove over one day last week. We sat in front of the fire drinking tea and settling the world's problems."

He laughed. "It sounds cosy."

"It was," she said, "very." It's all cosy, she thought, Marcia and Anne and Doris in the daytime.

The children. Books. Sometimes the wireless. Five days a week. Five nights. A never-changing routine.

*"So you've come home after all," Jocelyn said, eyeing her husband coldly.*

Roger yawned. It hummed over the wires, sounding close even through the crackling of the rain beating against the window-panes.

"Poor dear," Jocelyn sympathised. "I won't keep you any longer. I'm going to get the children off to bed now. Then I shall have supper, and go early to bed."

"You really don't mind?" he asked. "I'm seventy miles away—"

"Which is much too far to come on a night like this," she said. "Of course I don't mind. Let's say good-night now, dear. I'll see you in the morning, fresh and bright."

"Fresh and bright," he repeated. "Good-night, sweetheart." He hung up.

Suddenly Jocelyn was angry, so angry that her short, slim body couldn't hold it. She slammed the receiver down and went back to the bathroom, where she finished drying herself and struggled into a house-coat. Then she made for the kitchen.

Martha turned slowly round from the stove. Jocelyn braced herself. "Martha," she began, keeping calm.

"I know, I know," Martha said, "I heard. Not meaning to, of course. And me fussing and stewing all

day over this fancy dish!"

Jocelyn kept her face expressionless, her eyes remote.

"Mr. Ashley works very hard," she said reprovingly, "and travels all over the country. Sometimes he can get home—"

"And sometimes he can't," finished Martha. "I know, madam." She smiled her peculiarly sweet smile. "It was just spending so much time on this apple snow..."

Jocelyn reached for Martha's shoulder and gave it a quick pat. "I don't know what I'd do without you, Martha," she said.

She turned and ran upstairs, keeping her back straight, lifting her legs high. It was good exercise that way. She peeped into the nursery. Johnny was asleep on his stomach, with only the curve of his cheek, the stub of his nose, and one curl visible.

"Bless you," she whispered, and closed the door gently.

The anger returned though when she went into the nursery. Susan and Paul were still sitting carefully in small chairs, books in their laps and the fresh clothes creased only in the necessary places.

Please turn to page 4

ILLUSTRATED BY LEONARD GREEN





## A Bewitching Fragrance

A Powder of **SILK-SIFTED**  
super-fineness



Let a flawless Gemey make-up give you a new exciting personality—pearl-smooth complexion radiance, and the haunting fragrance of exquisite Gemey perfume.

Silk-sifted for super-fineness, the clinging softness of Gemey Face Powder lasts for hours without re-powdering... it never streaks or cakes.

Richard Hudnut created Gemey Face Powder for fashion leaders of New York, London and Paris... in seven fashion-perfect, beautifully blended shades.

Select your Gemey shade today... discover the complexion flattery of this fragrant, silk-sifted veil of loveliness.

Harmonising Gemey  
Beauty Aids

Perfume, Creams, Cleansing  
Lotion, Talc and Dusting  
Powder.



**Gemey**  
**FACE POWDER**  
CREATION OF *Richard Hudnut*  
NEW YORK LONDON PARIS SYDNEY

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND SELECTED DEPARTMENT STORES

## Life Begins On Friday Night

*Continued from page 3*

**J**OCELYN swallowed. "Well, my lambs," she said, "we'll just take off those Sunday specials and get into nice, comfortable pyjamas. And how would you like it if I brought up your milk and biscuits here and we had a party...?"

She talked fast, but it wasn't good enough. Susan's face folded from top to bottom like a rosy accordion, her plaits swung in the way they always did when she was about to cry.

Paul's mouth turned into a pink oval, studded with white teeth, and a small wail started to emerge from it. Jocelyn raced to him, put her hand gently over the gap, and kissed his head.

But not before the wail had reached its zenith, and Johnny had woken from sleep and was joining in at the top of his lungs.

It was almost nine o'clock before she managed to quieten them, feed them, and put them to bed.

She walked slowly down the stairs, forgetting all about the importance of standing erect, slim, and poised. In the living-room she looked with distaste at her efforts of the week. The curtains were crisp, the many chrysanthemums fluffy. But the fire was out; there wasn't even a snuff of smoke rising from it.

She stood for a long moment in the dining-room, staring blindly at the tall white candles she had gone miles into town to get.

Over the sink in the kitchen, on Martha's blackboard, she saw the words: "Gone with Mrs. Horton's girl to the cinema. Got my key. Your supper is in oven, Martha."

Jocelyn turned off the oven and walked through the house snapping off light switches, locking doors. All the time her thoughts paced beside her, waiting for her to get to the secret point where the fear lay.

Upstairs she sat before her dressing-table and looked at her face, as she had done a thousand times before.

Everything about it, she thought, was wrong—the nose

too long, too thin, too pinched, the mouth too full.

A little spurt of terror burned the back of her throat. There were so many really pretty girls—offices, restaurants were all full of pretty girls.

Jocelyn's eyes stayed on her reflection, but she stopped seeing herself. She saw only her thoughts.

She recognised the element of gratitude in her love for Roger upon which she had built her life.

Jocelyn had been rehearsing for a local play when Roger had walked in, that night long ago, with a thin, bespectacled boy who bore, with what grace he could, the name of Langley Badger.

The two of them stood at the back of the hall watching, as Jocelyn, with her animated voice, and her eager graceful movements, proved, or tried to prove, that there were charms other than beauty.

**W**HEN the producer called a rest he said, smiling: "Jocelyn, I'm beginning to think you might really make an actress."

She sat down quietly, away from the casual, loud circle of the others in the cast. Those were the days when she studied everyone, adding their gestures, if good, to her own repertory and carefully avoiding their mistakes.

Then Langley Badger and a young man, who made Langley look too tall and too thin, came up to her. "This is Roger Ashley, Jocelyn," Langley said. "Jocelyn Mills, Roger."

She lifted her eyes to Roger's for the first time.

"You don't really want to be an actress, do you, Miss Mills?" he asked.

"Am I as bad as all that?" she said.

He shook his head. "You're good," he said, "but I have other ideas for you."

Months later he told her: "That first night when I saw you up there, bright and gay, with that warm sweet voice—and so beautiful—I said to myself: 'There's the girl I'm going to marry.'"

From that moment on there was gratitude in her love. Roger didn't start her on the way to being the person she was to become. Personality, she had told herself when other girls had dates, can be more important than looks.

But when Roger told her that he loved her, she started a mental notebook. She noted in it all the things that pleased him. The first were: "Bright, gay, warm, sweet voice, beautiful—beautiful—beautiful."

Now, staring into her mirror, Jocelyn wondered where she had failed.

Roger once said about Marcia: "How Tom can stand her possessiveness I'll never know."

That went into the notebook. When Roger wanted to play billiards with the boys, or golf or chess, she kissed him good-bye lightly, greeted him gaily on his return. She never mentioned the empty hours she got through alone as best she could.

It wasn't that Roger demanded anything really. He was such a happy, easy person. She felt comfortable with him—and secure.

So in return for all this—this house, the way Roger looked at her just before he kissed her good night—for all this and much more, she had vowed to give him perfection.

A few days ago she and Marcia had sat before the fire and talked about such things. Marcia was Jocelyn's oldest friend, and she spoke with privilege.

"I wish I didn't envy you," she had said. "My house is a hodge-podge. My whole life seems a mess—I haven't any organisation."

Jocelyn had thought of Marcia's house. Hodge-podge was right—clothes piled on chairs, magazines scattered everywhere.

Her two small boys were rough, wild, handsome little animals who responded when they felt like it, and were rude when they pleased.

But Roger seemed proud of his three. "Where they get their manners from is a mystery to me," he said once.

It repaid those week-days when every other sentence from her lips seemed to be: "Say please" or "Say thank you."

Marcia had taken a deep breath. "And I envy you your nice polite marriage," she continued. "Tom and I—we've just quarrelled. A nasty sort of quarrel, with high-pitched voices and unkind words. I can't imagine you and Roger doing that. You're always so kind—so gentle with each other."

At that moment the fear touched Jocelyn a little. Polite, yes. Gentle, yes. And kind. But Tom had to be pulled from his home by Roger's persuasion. And Roger—what went on in his mind? Why were there more and more times when he couldn't get home for the week-ends?

"Tom makes me so furious," Marcia went on, "he makes me cry."

Roger, Jocelyn thought proudly, has never seen me weep one tear. He has no idea what a cry baby I really am. He'd be shocked if he knew.

Please turn to page 10

Did you  
**PROTEX**  
yourself this  
morning?



I ENJOY THE  
CLEAN BUSHLAND TANG



PROTEX IS  
MY CHOICE AS  
A DEODORANT  
COMPLEXION SOAP



BOY-PROTEX MAKES  
YOU FEEL GOOD

Stay as fresh as a breeze  
with Protex, the deodorant  
Complexion Soap with the  
clean bushland fragrance.  
Protex is medicated to  
guard against offending, and  
infection. Protex is the soap  
for all the family.



PROT/101

### RIVETS





By A. J. Cronin

# The Spanish Gardener

ILLUSTRATED  
BY BOOTHROYD

**HARRINGTON BRANDE** finds comfort in passionate, over-possessive love of his young son, Nicholas, after his conceit and egotism have brought about bitter disappointments in his life—his wife left him, publishers are not interested in the book he is writing; his consular appointments are to small, unimportant places.

In his latest appointment, to Spanish San Jorge, he is at least gratified to find his assistant, **ALVIN DECKER**, duly subservient, while **GARCIA**, the butler, and his wife, **MAGDALENA**, seem ideal servants. But to his bitter chagrin, a lively friendship develops between Nicholas and **JOSE SANTERO**, the young Spanish gardener he has engaged.

He humiliates and overworks the youth, finally forbidding Nicholas to speak to him. Nicholas, however, gleefully continues the friendship by exchanging surreptitious notes with Jose.

An official summons to Madrid gives Brande hope of a really worthy appointment. He has no hesitation in leaving Nicholas in Garcia's charge, but the boy has actually had a growing distrust of the butler. **NOW READ ON:**

**A**T ten o'clock that night when Nicholas, in bed, heard the whine of the departing car, he burrowed nervously beneath the counterpane. He was so seldom separated from his father that he felt always a wrench when, even for a short period, the Consul went away. But this time, although he had not dared even to admit it to himself, another anxiety intensified his natural disquiet. How could he stand, alone and unsupported, against Garcia?

His wakefulness was not that restless tossing which used to trouble him when he was sick, but a kind of silent tensing that bound him while he lay there, open-eyed and still.

Midnight struck upon the long clock in the hall. Had Garcia cut the motor and coasted

in silence towards the stables? If so, he was already back, somewhere in the house.

Nicholas shivered, chilled by that unreasonable mistrust of the butler which he could neither control nor explain.

He must have fallen asleep at last, for he awoke to a bright new day, with his tray already on the bedside table and Magdalena opening his shutters with a cheerful clatter.

"I brought you up breakfast for a treat."

He understood her much better now and sat up with an answering smile. He liked Magdalena, despite those periodic moods which came upon her after the noise of quarrelling in the kitchen.

*"No one will treat me like a scullion," Garcia said, advancing menacingly towards Nicholas.*

"Did father get his train all right?" he asked, beginning on the glass of orange juice.

"Yes, yes." She nodded. "I am sure."

"I didn't hear the car come back."

She bent to pick something invisible from the floor. When she spoke her tone was casual, yet she glanced at him sideways, as though estimating the effect of her words.

"Garcia did not return last night. It was so very late. Indeed, I think he will remain in Barcelona for the week-end. He has friends there. And some business to transact."

Wide-eyed, he stared at her, overcome by relief, by an inexpressible rush of joy.

"It's all right?" She nodded, still searching with her gaze. "No need to say anything. We manage very well together, you and me."

"Yes, yes," he exclaimed.

"Tell me, then, what you like for lunch."

"Oh, anything you please, Magdalena."

"I do for you something special." She nodded, satisfied, and went out.

Leaping up, Nicholas finished his breakfast while dressing, in little snatches, glancing from time to time through the window towards the myrtle grove where Jose had already begun his steady round. Then, with commendable control, he sat down at his little writing-table and dashed off a few lines.

"Dear Jose,

"Father has gone to Madrid for at least three days. Garcia is away also. Isn't it wonderful? I won't be disobedient. No working or talking—but I mean to be with you all the time. "NICCO."

A moment later, he was beside Jose, proffering the note, smiling at his friend's answering pantomime of delight.

All that morning they were together. Most of the rocks had now been moved and the work of filling the crevices of this foundation with soil was not too arduous.

As the day advanced, however, Jose's manner became increasingly preoccupied. Finally, he put aside the spade, sat down, fumbled for his pencil stub, and, while Nicholas looked over his shoulder, wrote these splendid words:

"Why not come fishing with me to-morrow? I can arrange it with Magdalena."

Even as the boy gasped in delight, Jose got up and went through the laurel bushes to the back door. Presently Nicholas heard his voice and Magdalena's in animated conversation; then came laughter, and more friendly talk.

Then the door closed, Jose was returning, with unhurried step . . . and yes, it was all right, he had done it . . . one look at his face revealed the happy tidings.

Next morning, at eight o'clock, a handful of gravel rattled against the shutters. Only lightly asleep, Nicholas sprang out of bed, threw on his clothes, and went bounding downstairs.

In the dim hall he found the wicker basket, covered by a white napkin, which Magdalena had parked for him the night before. He put it under his arm, drew back the heavy bolts to tug the front door open—and, rushing out, dazzled by the sunshine, almost fell into Jose's arms.

Please turn to page 45



When women plan clothes . . .

they plan with the beauty of

*'Celanese' Fabrics*





# Day of the dog

ILLUSTRATED BY HEDSTROM

THE sun was behind the buildings, but its warmth clung to Chinatown. Old Cantonese, waiting for grandsons to summon them to evening rice, talked in the doorways; and no old man was more contented than Su'ey Kee. He stood in the doorway of an apartment house which he owned.

Su'ey Kee was a rich man who was still adding to his wealth. Chinatown guessed how this was being done. By wholesaling opium. How else could a man own buildings and lend money? There was suspicion, not proof.

Previously, a smuggled shipment of narcotics had led Federal agents in Su'ey Kee's direction. They had entered his rooms with a warrant, but had found nothing.

Now, he stepped out of the doorway impolitely while another old man was speaking, walked to the kerb, and kicked the mongrel sniffing at an empty paper bag. The little dog yelped and ran across the street. The other old men laughed.

"Su'ey Kee," one cackled, "kicking a dog brings luck."

"I do not like dogs," snapped Su'ey Kee. "One great ugly beast in some way entered my building a few days ago. A white man was with him. The man said it was the wrong address. Hail! I drove them out!"

There was nothing unusual about such dislike, as Henry Ling, watching from the far side of the street, knew; to China-born old men, dogs are traditionally ill-treated. He also knew that the old man had a particular reason for his dislike. Henry, young, slim, alert, had not heard what Su'ey Kee said, but he had heard about the incident.

He had been told about it because he was temporarily assigned to the Narcotics Bureau. Hating the drug traffic, he had taken the transfer willingly from his Government job as translator. He had not counted what the cost would be if he should fail, but he knew that he was failing.

Trained agents had been unable to catch Su'ey Kee. Trained dogs, who could recognise the odor of opium and alert the accompanying agent by barking, had also failed, because they had to be brought near enough to smell the drug.

The agent whom Su'ey Kee had thrown out had suspected that the shrewd old man realised what the dog was able to do, although this was supposed to be a secret. Henry was convinced now that the old man must have found out. There was a raging vindictiveness on Su'ey Kee's face when he kicked the mongrel.

The little dog crossed to where Henry Ling was standing. Henry scratched it behind the ear.

"Have you nothing to do but catch fleas on a dog?" shouted Su'ey Kee. "You are a lazy fool!"

Henry, to justify his being in Chinatown during working hours, had let it be known that he was out of a job. Su'ey Kee knew this; he had yelled about it merely to cause Henry to lose face.

Jobs, for Chinatown's young men, were hard come by. Henry feared that he himself would really have none after his failure. He had been given a final week to find some evidence against Su'ey Kee, and he was aware that because of his Chinese ancestry there was some suspicion that he was not trying.

Still, if he should instigate a false search, Su'ey Kee was bound to learn of Henry's part from underworld gossip, and he would take vengeance on the entire Ling family.

Su'ey Kee, Henry supposed, would buy up the debts of the Ling family shop, and demand payment. Grandfather Ling would be disgraced, Henry's father would be dishonored, lose all face. Chinatown would say that evil had come to a fine family because of Henry's stupidity.

The little dog was investigating a tub of edible black snails. The old pig would kick a little dog, thought Henry; and then, forehead furrowing, he said aloud, "A small dog!"

He had a plan. As he walked away, he wondered whether the Narcotics Bureau would permit him to try it. If he succeeded, Su'ey Kee, if guilty, would be trapped. But if he failed, Henry would have trapped Grandfather and Father and Lady Mother and Small Sister and Smallest Brother.

Because of what could happen, Henry wondered whether another agent would be willing to carry out the plan; and yet who other than someone living in Chinatown could accomplish it?

By SIDNEY HERSCHEL SMALL

And then he couldn't help thinking that it was difficult to be both Chinese and American at the same time. As an American, one hating drugs and believing in duty, he tried to tell himself, "What have I got to lose?" but as a Chinese he knew only too well . . .

His plan was approved. And so Henry, the next day, appeared in Chinatown carrying a big sample case containing cheap fabrics.

In Chinatown's apartments—one or two rooms to a family—the lower entrance doors were kept locked. Henry rang doorbell after doorbell above the mailboxes in street doorways. He was admitted a few times, but only because he spoke Cantonese and was known and his voice was recognised over the speaking tube. He sold little or nothing.

It was on the sixth day, positive that Su'ey Kee was upstairs in his rooms, that Henry began to ring bells in the old man's building in spite of the No Peddlers sign.

Again and again admission was refused, proof of people's fear of disobeying the sign, which old Su'ey Kee himself had put up. It took Henry's knowledge of Chinatown to get him inside. He told a resident that he was a food-shop waiter and that the shop owner was sending a present of a tray filled with fine food.

This Chinatown custom got him in—with his sample case. In it now were no fabrics, but a small terrier trained in opium detection and, during the week, taught to lie within

the case. There were air holes near the bottom.

Henry climbed the stairs and went directly to Su'ey Kee's rooms. He knocked. When the old Cantonese finally opened the door a few inches, Henry could see the chain which would stop anyone from pushing the door wider and entering.

"I have good merchandise," said Henry, "and—"

"How did you get into the building?" Su'ey Kee asked, peering out at Henry. "I want no cheap wares."

"Cheap," smiled Henry. "Yes. Black silk. Smuggled."

Su'ey Kee blinked. "That is different," he said.

Henry walked inside. A thick Chinese rug was on the floor. There were comfortable chairs, a radio, porcelains, and a big Po'u Tai, god of wealth, with the marks on his belly where Su'ey Kee had rubbed it nightly for good fortune. One door led to a bedroom, the other to the kitchen. Su'ey Kee, Henry saw, had been enjoying food, tea, and the contents of a squat black bottle.

There was no reason to delay. Henry opened the case. The terrier hopped out, shook himself and stood still, his nose wriggling. Henry was prepared for Su'ey Kee to scream and kick at the dog; he was totally unprepared for what the old man actually did.

With unbelievable swiftness, Su'ey Kee whirled, grabbed from the table a strip of fat duck.

"Nice little dog," coaxed Su'ey Kee. "Eat, dog."

He did more than offer the titbit.

He rubbed it on the dog's nose. The terrier, accustomed to being rewarded, swallowed the morsel.

The old devil is smart, Henry thought miserably. I am licked. With the rich smell of the roast duck covering other odors, how can the dog smell out hidden opium? Su'ey Kee is far smarter than I.

The old Cantonese, continuing to feed the dog, fondled one of its ears. What he was doing, he who hated dogs, seemed proof to Henry that Su'ey Kee understood about dogs and opium, and that he was guilty. But what could be done about it?

Su'ey Kee might not know exactly how a dog revealed the presence of opium, but he had found the perfect way to stop the revelation.

He placed the dish before the dog. When the terrier ate, the Cantonese chuckled, "You brought him to sell, Ling? Ho! Duck is salty. I will get the dog a drink. Then we can talk price."

Without waiting for a reply, Su'ey Kee went to the kitchen. Henry stooped and took away the dish. With quick, firm strokes, he rubbed the grease from the dog's nose. The terrier half growled when the food was removed; then, as Henry heard the sound of water running, the dog turned toward the kitchen and sniffed. Henry stood up, waiting. The dog sniffed again, and barked once, sharply. It had smelled opium.

The sound of running water continued.

If you're wrong, little fellow, Henry thought as he shoved the kitchen door open, this will be a mess.



"How did you get into the building?" Su'ey Kee asked, peering out of the chained door at Henry.

The water was running. But Su'ey Kee, swiftly, was placing tins of opium in a suitcase, preparing to leave with them.

Henry said, "You are under arrest!"

The old man made no move to run. He stood looking at Henry. A slobber ran down his chin.

"Dog!" snarled Su'ey Kee. "Caught by a dog!"

"Yes," Henry agreed. He reached down and patted the terrier, who had followed him into the kitchen. Then he grinned. "Chinatown will enjoy the story of how a dog was smarter than Su'ey Kee."

(Copyright)



# Sailor Take Warning

By William A. Krauss

**H**E, John Francis Morgan, had said it frequently and always firmly, expecting no dispute. Two cooks can't brew a broth. Two chances can't win the same prize. And two skippers on the deck of a single thirty-six-foot sloop constitute a plain invitation to disaster.

As he boiled it down, reasonably and with unshakable conviction, it came to this: Two skippers are one skipper too many, and if one of them is a young woman—say a young woman with bright yellow hair falling to her shoulders—the situation is worse.

For instance: On a certain morning brilliant with November sunshine, John Francis Morgan, twenty-four, bachelor, got up early. He was a tall young man, lean but solid, with hard muscular hands, a slightly flattened Irish nose in a face usually cheerful; and an appetite unvaryingly sound—even spectacular.

It was, he observed with pleasure, a splendid day, not a cloud anywhere. The wind, east by north-east, was fresh. In a word, a tropical morning with the special quality of the Bahamas.

Peace was in the air and the perfume of frangipani; and out behind the house the Abaco cook was softly crooning a calypso song as she cleaned a fat duck for the midday meal.

John Francis felt fine, so he sat for a spell in philosophical ease, drinking in the loveliness of life. Also, he planned a morning's work on his boat. After a little while he pocketed his pipe, went down to his jetty, and hopped aboard.

The sun was pleasant. Three miles across the bay the multi-colored roofs of Aldebaran Island's small resort town looked as if they'd been painted on tawny canvas. He squatted on the cockpit and studied the dinghy. Then the girl named Natalie Burton turned up.

He heard her high heels tapping on the planks of the jetty. He saw that the girl was slender, with yellow-gold hair. He was prepared to be affable. "Good morning," he said.

The girl stared down into the cockpit of the sloop, Bwanga by name, and in a low voice asked, "Is this boat for hire?"

It was a pleasant voice, the kind you would not mind hearing again. John Francis smiled agreeably. "No," he said. "Not for hire."

"Oh!" The girl wrinkled her forehead. "But I was told at the hotel there was a boat for hire at this wharf."

"This jetty," John Francis said carefully, "is private—my own. Over there—" he pointed a quarter-mile

around the shore — "is the public wharf, and there's sometimes a power cruiser for hire. But she left yesterday for Cuba with a party of tourists. She'll be back in two weeks or so."

"How annoying." She tapped her foot. And then somehow, subtly, she made the whole thing seem like John Francis' fault. She peered over his shoulder into Bwanga's neat cabin. "Who owns this boat?" she asked.

"I do," said John Francis — which was true, except for two thousand dollars' worth.

"And you never take people sailing?"

"Oh yes. Often."

"Ah, well—" the girl began on a rising note.

John Francis felt he'd better interrupt. There was a misapprehension brewing. "Only friends," he said. "Never tourists. Certainly not for hire."

"I see." The tone was abruptly crisp, uncordial. It was apparent that the girl with the yellow-gold hair had made a plan and was a young woman accustomed to having her way. Her eyes wandered for a moment over the varnished mahogany deck.

"I want a boat," she said, "for the week-end. I'm prepared to pay generously."

John Francis sat up straight and smiled without warmth. The course the conversation had taken was, he felt, significant. Equip a young woman with handsome fair hair framing a pretty face and she will expect to get her oysters in a silver dish.

He had indicated quite clearly that Bwanga was not a charter boat. The Treasury Department, he remarked under his breath, hadn't printed enough money to induce him to play salt-water nurse to tourists. So he shook his head.

"Maybe you'll change your mind," said the girl curtly. "I'll be at the Hotel Grand. Ask for Natalie Burton. Room 24."

It was astonishing that her hair should glint so golden in the sun. John Francis, watching her go, knew suddenly that he was very angry. He permitted himself a moment's annoyance, then went peacefully back to work.

At noon the houseboy loped down to say that Mr. Anthony Roark was on the phone.

"Hi, John Francis," Roark said breezily, "how've you been? Good. Fine. That's wonderful. Listen. Something I'd like to ask you as a personal favor. There's a girl in town here, stopping at the Grand—"

This, John Francis said bitterly to himself, was how you got what you wanted, provided you were a girl with shining gold hair.

Personal favor, Anthony Roark said. But when you owe a guy two thousand dollars his request for a personal favor takes on something of a command.

"Well, Anthony—" John Francis said. "What's the name?"

"Miss Natalie Burton," Anthony Roark said cheerfully. "The Burton Locomotives family. In the islands on a month's holiday. She had a letter to me from her old man—I have the agency for their line of nuts and bolts."

"I know what you mean," John Francis said, concealing the acid.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN MILLS

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 21, 1951



"Is this boat for hire?" Natalie asked. She had a pleasant voice, the kind John felt he would not mind hearing again.



## How could a compass work properly, he argued, when there's a magnetic girl aboard

"Good. Fine. Now what this girl wants, she wants to run out to Parrot Cay for a week-end of sailing and fishing. I know you don't care about taking strangers out in your boat, Johnny, but put this down as a personal favor to me—"

John Francis grabbed at a straw. "It's a bad month, Anthony. November. Always a chance of dirty weather in November."

"Miss Burton adores dirty weather."

She would. But there was one more straw in sight. "Would it be decent?" John Francis demanded. "I mean, what about convention? I couldn't go out for a week-end with this girl, just the two of us in a single-cabin sloop—"

"Of course not," said Anthony Roark. "I'll send you my cook, Lucy. Been with me years, you know. She's a wonderful sailor.

Fifty years old, sterling character, everybody knows her. She'll take care of your cooking and pinch-hit as a chaperon."

Quietly John Francis swore: This was the end of the line.

"Well, what about it?" Anthony Roark said. His voice was less breezy now; a note of impatience crept in.

"Sure, Tony, I guess so," John Francis said. "As a personal favor. But I have to be back Sunday night at the latest—"

It was of the utmost importance that he be back Sunday night. Because Monday was the day that had, by exchange of cables, been set for the flying visit of A. J. Beverley, of Miami. Boss of the Beverley Banana Import Corporation.

And if Beverley liked the little plantation John Francis had built—the quality of the fruit and the quality of land under lease—there was a good chance he'd invest in it, a loan to make expansion possible—

Beverley was a tycoon. A my-time-is-valuable man. High pressure. He'd fly in Monday morning in his personal plane, fly back to Miami Monday afternoon. But three hours would suffice for him to see the plantation and hear John Francis' plans for development.

All of this was explained to Anthony. "So it must be Sunday night at the latest," John Francis said again, for emphasis.

Anthony Roark said good, fine. "That sticks," he said. "Miss Burton has to be back Sunday, too. Her fiance is flying in from Nassau on Monday. Claude Lang, you know." John Francis didn't know. An-

thony said "Lang" as if anybody should know it. "He's the bright young man of Hemispheric Steel, the white-haired boy up there, he's a guy to watch—"

"Right, Tony. It works out. We'll shove off early Saturday, get back Sunday evening," John Francis said. Anthony Roark announced that he was much obliged. Then the phone clicked and John Francis hung up. His hand trembled slightly with resentment.

Nor did the resentment diminish. "Sit down and stay down," John Francis said. "Don't go wandering around the deck. I don't want you falling overboard."

"I don't fall overboard," the girl said crisply.

"That's silly," John Francis retorted. "Everybody falls overboard sooner or later. I'd rather you made it later. You know about sharks? I am not in the mood to sail back to Aldebaran and tell Mr. Claude Lang that his fiancée has been eaten by fish."

"Nonsense."

"Let's get one thing straight," John Francis said. "In this boat I decide what's nonsense and what's not nonsense. There's only one skipper aboard, if you understand me."

"You're American, aren't you?" Natalie Burton said unexpectedly. She was sitting now on the cockpit coaming.

She wore scientifically faded dungarees and a man's shirt with the sleeves rolled up and the tail hanging out. She'd had her way, she'd forced herself aboard his boat, yet she seemed to find remarkably small pleasure in it. Then her question filtered into his mind.

Please turn to page 55

SMOKING IS PROHIBITED ON THIS JETTY  
BY THE PORT AUTHORITY OF THE  
GOVERNMENT OF THE CAYMAN ISLANDS  
IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE PORT ACT OF 1954

John Miller





Simple as taking a walk...  
Cleaning House with the

# New HOOVER Junior

HANDIEST CLEANER  
OF THEM ALL!

What a cleaner! Big enough for the really big jobs... light enough for quick ones... handy enough to store in "pint-size" space... and a Hoover through and through. So easy to handle. So quick to whisk away surface litter. So thorough at getting the deep-down dirt, with Hoover's exclusive triple-action principle... it beats as it sweeps as it cleans... Over 9,000,000 satisfied women own Hoovers. What about one for you, too?



Price  
£22/15/-  
(above-the-floor  
cleaning tools  
£3/10/-  
extra)

Including all these PLUS features of the Larger Hoover

1. Exclusive Positive Agitator to dislodge the scissor-sharp grit which cuts carpet pile.
2. Dustproof Bag so easy to empty, your hands need never touch dirt.
3. Handy Cleaning Tools save stooping and stretching for all above-the-floor cleaning jobs.
4. Adjusts automatically to any carpet thickness.
5. New "Drop Handle" enables it to get right down to business under low furniture: beds, sofas, etc., with only a touch of your hand.
6. And the New Hoover Junior is so compact it tucks away as neatly as a broom when not in use.

Just released... "BEAUTIFUL THOUGH BUSY"

A gay, delightfully illustrated booklet in full colour showing you how to turn your housework into a daily beauty treatment. Send 6d. in stamps to Hoover (Australia) Pty. Ltd., Box 3761, G.P.O., Sydney.

Or ask your local Hoover retailer for a copy free of charge.

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

HC 7 WW142e

21.4.51

## MARCIA

had risen from the deep chair. She stood for a time staring at her reflection in the big mirror over the mantelpiece. Her curly short black hair looked wild. Her lipstick was on crooked.

She had sighed deeply. "Look at me, then look at you. Your dress is as crisp as lettuce, your hair's like silk and it curls under just where you want it to. You never have a shiny nose or a split fingernail. How do you stay that way?"

Jocelyn laughed. "It's magic."

It's hard work, she thought. But the politeness, the perfection, the charm of always saying the right thing had become part of her life. She was popular and she knew why. She submerged herself and focused her interest to make others feel important.

She did it again now. She said earnestly: "Marcia, you're beautiful without even trying to be, and your home has that wonderful lived-in feeling."

Almost visibly her words soaked into Marcia and colored her spirits.

"Let's have some more tea," Jocelyn had said, "then tell me what you think of the book I lent you."

Marcia had come over on Tuesday. On Wednesday Jocelyn ironed the curtains; on Thursday she waxed the floors. Now it was Friday night.

Let's be efficient about this, she thought. Roger no longer seems eager to come home, no matter how nicely he apologises for his failure to arrive, no matter how many reasons he has.

When he does come, he plays golf with Tom all Saturday. He always wants to go to the club on Saturday night.

All day Sunday he works in the garden when the weather's good, or out in his toolshed when it rains. He expects to have friends in on Sunday evening. Then it is Monday and he drives away in the early morning and we haven't been together at all.

She laughed aloud bitterly. "Saint Jocelyn," she scoffed.

She dipped her fingers into a jar of rich yellow lubricant and smoothed it thickly on her face, giving special attention to the corners of her eyes. She cleaned her hands and watched them impersonally as they wound little twirls of her hair into curls.

She stood up, slipped quickly out of her housecoat, and shivered a moment, hearing the rain, angrier than ever, pounding against the house.

Opening the chest-of-drawers in the corner, she folded back the silks, satins, and laces. At the back of one drawer, she found her white flannel nightgown.

## Life Begins On Friday Night

Continued from page 4

She dropped it over her head. The soft warmth of it immediately hugged her and took away the shivers. From the back of the wardrobe, behind the feathered mules and the trim high-heeled shoes, she dragged a pair of sheep-skin-lined slippers.

She didn't look in the mirror this time. She knew what she would see. This outfit was her favorite one—except for the week-day dungarees and the sensible flat-heeled shoes she always wore in Roger's absence.

She looked over the books on the bed-table. They were all new, all educational, all inestimably dull.

"Not to-night," she said aloud. She shuffled down the stairs and through the hall to Martha's room. Martha had quite a collection of love and detective stories. Jocelyn chose a few and went into the kitchen.

There she worked efficiently, slicing wholemeal bread, pickled onions, sharp cheese.

She made two sandwiches, took a bottle of beer from the refrigerator, and carried her loot into the living-room. She piled pillows on the sofa and settled herself luxuriously.

THE sandwich was stinging and refreshing in her mouth. The stories were gory, exciting, highly uniterary, and very relaxing.

After a while she heard Martha's key in the lock.

"You still up, Mrs. Ashley?" Martha called. "I won't come in. My shoes are mucky."

Jocelyn lay there, staring at the ceiling. Roger, she prayed, please, please don't get tired of me; I try so hard.

She fell asleep. Some time later she woke with a jump that sent her heart racing.

She turned her eyes in the direction from which the sound had come; a shadow blocked itself against the window-pane.

Jocelyn's mind took in, all in a moment, the long muddy driveway to the road, the trees that shut the house from view; the telephone thirty feet away in the hall; Martha, nervous, excitable, no good in a crisis; the children sleeping upstairs.

She deliberately ignored the window, forced herself to yawn and tried not to jump when the tapping grew louder. She walked carefully across the room to the hall.

The tapping turned to pounding on the door, solid, furious, pounding that demanded entrance. Then she heard the voice.

"Jocelyn," it cried, "let me in! It's Roger!"

Relief was like an ache as she started for the door. But

her feet stayed rooted. How long had he been there at the window watching her? It didn't matter.

He would see her clearly now. The game, she thought, walking steadily to the door, is up.

She turned the lock, swung the door wide, and stepped back to admit the soaked figure of her husband.

He came in, closing the door slowly behind him, not taking his eyes from her face. "Changed my mind," he explained. "Forgot my key." Rain dripped to the polished floor.

"So you've come home after all," she said foolishly.

Suddenly, watching him mechanically taking off his hat and overcoat, his eyes never leaving her face, she flared up in fury. "Seventy miles away, you said, and a miserable night!" she cried, not at all sweetly or warmly.

"And you'd rather not come home anyway. You have no right to surprise me. I hate surprises. I hate being alone and waiting for you week after week. And being disappointed at the last minute. And having Susan make herself ill because you said you'd come and you didn't."

She gulped, but then went on, "And afraid to let go and be myself with anybody because I love you so much and I'm so afraid you'll find somebody who's really wonderful and doesn't have to work at it — and you've no right..."

Nothing made sense. She wanted to stop and she couldn't. She cried: "Make me stop this screaming, Roger. Make me! I don't want to scream. I don't want to cry." Hiccups shook her, and tears rolled down her cheeks over the cream.

Then she felt Roger's coat against her flannel gown and his arms under her knees.

She put her greasy face against his shoulder. He carried her into the living-room and sat down with her.

"Quite a batch of reading matter you have here," he said.

She didn't look at him.

"I recognised the beer, of course," he went on, "but I didn't know what you'd been eating until you started blowing in my face."

"All right," she said fiercely, "so now you know. I like comfortable old clothes and onion sandwiches. I adore good, strong cheese. Your children are little demons, and they drive me crazy five days a week."

The sobs threatened her voice again, but she went on

hastily: "I get tired of improving my mind so I'll have something to talk to you about. I get tired of being well-groomed and ladylike."

"You certainly do," he said mildly. "It's what's known as the swing of the pendulum, isn't it?"

"And you," she went on, more quietly, "you get the cream of it all every week-end — every week-end that you're interested enough to come home, that is. And I hate you, I think."

Roger started with Jocelyn's curls. He scanned her forehead, her nose, her mouth, her ears. He appraised the nightgown and examined the slippers.

When his eyes came back to hers there was a warmth in them. He began to laugh.

Jocelyn tried very hard to keep the fury on her face, but she could feel it sliding away; the tickle of merriment began to grow in her, too, and she joined him. Once more the tears, haphazard and ridiculous, slid over the cream.

Roger pulled her close to him. Between chuckles he said: "Hate me, do you? Well, I don't believe a word of it. But you almost had me fooled. What an effort you've made. It was beginning to bore me still."

She pulled away, trying not to give him the benefit of onion. "Bore you?" she asked incredulously.

He nodded, serious at last. "You've been pretty hard to live up to, my darling," he explained. "Think I could swear in this house? Or lose my temper? Or sing a rowdy song? Or talk about anything that really bothered me?"

He shook his head. "Not a chance. This was a little piece of heaven, and, by heaven, you had to live up to it. Only a cad would disturb the peace. Sometimes, after a bad week, I just couldn't make the effort to try."

Jocelyn drew a deep, deep breath. Her whole body felt light with relief, and her mind was filled with the beautiful knowledge of security — a security far more wonderful than any she had known before.

"Josh," Roger whispered, "Josh." It was as if the silly little nickname had been at the back of his mind always, waiting for a moment like this. He bent his face towards hers.

"Onions," Jocelyn whispered back.

He shook his head impatiently. "I'll eat some myself in a moment."

His lips came down eagerly against hers. It was a kiss like no other kiss before. It skidded a little on the lubricating cream, but it righted itself almost at once.

(Copyright)

## IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



By GUS



paul Duval  
SAYS

# "Lady Be Gay"

It took Paul Duval to dream up a color like this—  
miraculous, challenging, keyed to gay conquest!  
You're headed straight for the spotlight when you  
step out with this sensational flash of color flagging  
the way for you . . . a new, daring, vital pink-  
cyclamen that's alert, alive, light-hearted. . . .  
Wear it and triumph—and—Lady, Be Gay!



BE PROVOCATIVE . . .  
UNPREDICTABLE . . .  
MADCAP OR MINX . . .

**BUT ALWAYS, SAYS**

paul Duval

# "Lady Be Gay"

A COLOR THAT'S NEW! VIVID! EXHILARATING! GLAMOROUS! . . . WEAR IT AND TRIUMPH!



P.D.4.

Paul Duval Lipsticks with new, s-m-o-o-t-h-o-n, silken texture  
that holds its glamour hour on hour. Delicately fragrant . . . 3/11  
Bleu Royale Propelling Lipsticks, Super-Indelible . . . 7/6

Quillon Matching  
Nail Polish 5/11  
Paul Duval Rouge 3/11

PAUL DUVAL PERSONALISED COSMETICS — AT ALL CHEMISTS, EXCLUSIVE STORES



"BUY IT BY MAIL"

ROCKMANS  
"Best for Less"



she's  
irresistible  
in proofed birdseye

WEAR IT 4 WAYS, TOO!

Style G2138. As smart a proofed 4-way raincoat as we have been able to offer at this low price in a long time. Fashioned in the latest fabric . . . BIRDSEYE . . . it features a new, smart novel collar with a matching welted peaked yoke, pockets and cuffs. Beautifully lined throughout . . . Black, Navy, Grey. SSW., SW., W. **£8/13/0**

Add Postage: Vic. 2/-. Other States 3/6

**ROCKMANS**

"BEST FOR LESS"

WRITE TO ROCKMANS MAIL ORDERS BOX 108A, MELB.  
NEW CUSTOMERS — WRITE FOR NEW CATALOGUE



**AS SERGEANT LARKE**

patrolled the park.  
He heard two sneezes in the dark.  
With staff gripped tight, he flashed his light.  
His stern tones echoed through the night,  
"Kape ah! th' grass! ye cooiple there;  
Yure dith av cowl'd ye'll get, f'e shure!  
Come! hurry home, ye love-sick pair,  
And both take Woods' Great  
Peppermint Cure."

**ALL SELF-RAISING FLOUR**



RISES TO THE OCCASION — PERFECTLY



PARTY at the London home of Sir Edmund Beddingfold, arranged by Introductions Ltd., includes, from left, Australian Charles Hutson, of the organisation, Mrs. Edward Willard, wife of a U.S. diplomat, Mr. Bertie Hardman, Miss Ruth Winsor (seated), Master Henry Beddingfold, and Mrs. Guy Middleton, wife of the film star.

## Bureau offers ticket to social London

By BILL STRUTTON, of our London staff

Peter Winsor, hefty, ebullient commando hero, who has travelled the world but knows London best, has set about imparting his knowledge of that great city to tourists and visiting tycoons.

TO this end he has established Introductions Ltd., an organisation which is staffed by people who also have an intimate knowledge of London.

Mr. Winsor or members of his staff will tell you where to get the best food in London, who sells the best shoes, where to get your laundry done, where to hire a car, and what entertainments are offering.

The fee for joining Introductions Ltd. and so making yourself eligible for these and other services is £5/5/-.

If you want to go to the races, if you want to play polo, Introductions Ltd. can arrange it.

Mr. Winsor and his experts can also organise a cocktail party in a private home, or a business reception at a hotel.

They arrange invitations for women visitors to London to attend dress shows.

Introductions Ltd. will even arrange honorary membership of leading clubs for visitors during their stay.

Some restaurants have dangled offers of commissions before Mr. Winsor for putting business their way.

But he has refused them. Peter Winsor and his friend Major the Hon. John Fernor-Hesketh grouped social leaders round them in their firm.

Among them is a film star—Winsor's friend, man-about-town Guy Middleton.

Moustached, genial, and impeccably tailored, Middleton is known to headwaiters from Soho to Mayfair.

Also associated with Winsor

in organising service and entertainment for overseas visitors are Baron, Court photographer; Lord Abinger; and Sir Edmund and Lady Joan Beddingfold, whose country estate in Norfolk, Osburgh Hall, is one of the oldest mansions in England.

Mrs. Molly de Burgh, who, as head of the American Red Cross Forces Advisory Bureau, in Grosvenor Square, was known to thousands of G.I.'s, has joined Winsor's bureau too.

Others are Cambridge man Harold Bright, leading amateur cook and photographer, and a former diplomat A. G. Pember.

Peter Winsor spent some time in Australia just before the war, when he became well known to socialites in Perth and Adelaide.

He may also be remembered in Kalgoorlie, W.A., where he worked as a miner.

Peter Winsor is a nephew of Australian amateur golfer Leigh Winsor, private secretary to a succession of South Australian Governors from 1915 to 1939. His father is Brigadier-General C. R. P. Winsor, C.M.G., D.S.O.

Left for dead in North Africa by the Germans during the war, Peter Winsor fell with 10 wounds, a broken neck and back.

His survival through stretcher trips, dressing stations, field and air ambulances was considered amazing.

After his discharge, Winsor roared and bullied his way through 30 hair-raising operations in hospitals up and down Britain to pull through.



ORGANISER of Introductions Ltd., ex-commando captain Peter Winsor discusses a visitor's programme with Stella Conway-Gordon, socialite helper, who worked with the Danish Resistance Movement in the war.



MAN-ABOUT-TOWN Guy Middleton with Ruth Winsor, relative of Peter Winsor, in the panelled bar of Les Ambassadeurs Club in Mayfair. Photograph is by Baron, who is connected with Introductions Ltd.



# Marjorie Lawrence: "I'll dance again"



MR. NELSON BATSON carves the turkey at a family dinner to celebrate Miss Marjorie Lawrence's and Dr. Thomas King's 10th wedding anniversary, while his wife, who is Miss Lawrence's sister, stands by to serve vegetables.

## Family party for opera star's 10th wedding anniversary

Toasting "the day we dance together again" famous opera singer Marjorie Lawrence and her tall, dark, blue-eyed American husband, Dr. Thomas King, recently celebrated their 10th wedding anniversary.

They were guests of honor at a party at the home of Miss Lawrence's brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Batson, of Wallington, near Barwon Heads, Victoria.

It was a great day and the Batsons' weather-board farm house reverberated to renderings of "Jolly Good Fellow" and old songs and hymns sung round the piano in the comfortable living-room.

Friends and relatives sat down to a 20lb. turkey dinner.

The bird was cooked by Mrs. Batson, who became mother as well as sister to Marjorie when their mother died when Marjorie was only two years old.

Carving was done by Nelson Batson, who kept up a banter of good-humored wisecracks throughout the celebrations.

"Wait until you've been married 23 years like us," Mr. Batson warned. "Then you will have something to complain about."

"Not if I look as good as you do on it," Dr. King retorted.

Mr. Batson's warnings did not cast any gloom on his son, Ian, who was celebrating his post-announced engagement with his fiancée, pretty Jean Lomas.

Besides yearly anniversaries we have a little celebration on the 29th of every month," Marjorie Lawrence told me.

The date commemorates her romantic wedding in the

historic little Pilgrim Church in New York, in 1941.

Eight weeks later, while honeymooning in Mexico Marjorie Lawrence contracted polio. She was at the height of her fame as an opera singer.

Her epic fight back, told in her book, "Interrupted Melody," is to be filmed.

The amazing progress Miss Lawrence has made in overcoming her disability has encouraged Dr. King to hope for even greater things to come.

"Marjorie keeps on getting a little stronger every day," he told me with a confident smile.

"Maybe we will dance together again some day yet. She just loved to dance."

"That was how we fell in love."

"I had a lot of competition from her other admirers when we first met—fellows with Rolls Royce cars and strings of orchids."

"But I won out in the end because she liked to dance with me."

In a condensed flash-back Dr. King told me how the romance developed, just after he had begun to practise as a doctor in New York.

One night Dr. King, a keen music lover, was irresistibly drawn backstage at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York to tell the star of the night, Marjorie Lawrence, how moved he had been by her magnificent voice.



Other people had the same idea. Dr. King was last in the queue.

By the time his turn came to meet Miss Lawrence he found that instead of going into raptures over her singing he was more concerned about finding her a chair.

He felt that she must have been exhausted after the strain of her performance and holding court in her dressing-room.

A few days later Marjorie remembered him when they met at a private party in New York.

This time she prescribed a chair for him, so that they could chat together.

"Out of sheer boldness I invited her to cocktails the following day," he said. "We also had dinner together and danced."

"Before I knew where I

on what we had, and not to think about anything we might have lost."

"This meant guarding ourselves against every form of self-pity, including ruthlessly cutting ourselves off from even former dear friends who would insist on being sorry for us."

Now past masters at the art of "chins up," Marjorie Lawrence and her husband say they have discovered that happiness is a state of mind which can be harnessed and held, provided one is willing to make the mental adjustments.

Their blueprint for living includes trying always to see the best side of everyday situations, and encouraging other people to rise above unfortunate circumstances.

This means living to an extremely full programme of work and social activities.

Besides filling heavy concert and operatic season engagements, Marjorie Lawrence and her husband chase the clock around cheering the sick, from war veterans to patients in mental institutions and iron-frame-clad toddlers in orthopaedic hospitals.

Miss Lawrence makes a point of wearing her best

party clothes on these excursions.

On one occasion a "borderline" patient at a psychiatric hospital in the United States interrupted the recital she was giving in a ward to ask if she were the Queen of England.

He was impressed because she was wearing the full regalia she would have dressed in to sing at Carnegie Hall—glamorous satin, evening gown, jewels, and a tiara—as a compliment to the patients.

Dr. King always helps his wife to choose her concert gowns.

She selects the frocks she fancies and he takes up a position some distance away to judge how the various models suit her from an audience's view.

This is typical of the teamwork which forms the pattern of their lives.

Dr. King guards his position behind his wife's wheelchair as proudly as a mother taking her new baby for its first outing in a pram.

They will return to the

"LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT" sung by Marjorie Lawrence and guests at a wedding anniversary party brought back memories of childhood for the famous singer (at piano) and her sister, Mrs. Lena Batson, who is seated (right).

United States on July 1, so that Miss Lawrence can fulfil engagements at summer musical festivals there.

They are also hoping to visit their ranch home in Texas, where Marjorie can swim and go horse-riding.

"She hasn't reached the galloping stage yet," said Dr. King, "but riding a quiet horse at walking pace is very good and enjoyable exercise for her."

Miss Lawrence said the greatest thrill of her trip home to Australia this time has been to witness the realisation of her dream—the production of opera by Australians.

She said that the response to the National Theatre's Jubilee Opera Festival in Victoria recently proved that Australia was "opera hungry."

She added that the season had also shown there was magnificent talent here.

Miss Lawrence suggested that a Government or publicly subscribed fund should be launched immediately to send talented singers, teachers, and producers abroad to study and gain experience, on the understanding that they would return in a stipulated time to be the backbone of our national opera.

"Australia must also guarantee opera singers a living," she said. "They have to eat and bring up families just like other people."

"There ought to be proper buildings for opera performances in country districts as well as in cities."

"But in the meantime opera could be presented in the open air on football and cricket grounds, or in stadiums."

"Opera is not only entertainment, but the highest form of vocal expression which must be allowed to reach everybody."

By  
MARY COLES,  
staff reporter

was she had swept me right off my feet.

"Then the quarrels started."

"Marjorie was emphatic that she would never give up her career and that the man she married would have to tour with her."

"I would point out that I was also 'sold' on building up my practice."

"Our worst quarrel, which continued for a week, was our last."

"After not seeing or speaking to each other for seven days we both became sick."

"We realised then that we just couldn't do without each other."

Two months later, dazed and numbed by the disaster of Marjorie's paralysis, both knew only one thing clearly.

They were grateful that they had been married.

"Loving each other very dearly just stood out like a beacon," Dr. King said.

"We decided to concentrate



TENTH ANNIVERSARY is called a "tin wedding," but Marjorie Lawrence gave her husband black opal cuff-links and studs, while he gave her black opal earrings.



# Jantzen

"FINELY TAILORED FOR PERFECT FIT"



Good-looking man's cardigan in "BAR-RIB" pure merino wool. Flex-seam shoulders, taped pockets. All the seams are reinforced. Eight colours.

"RIB-KNIT" sports jacket with slide-fastened front, ribbed Cossack collar, ribbed basque and cuffs. Pure merino yarn, dyed in the wool. Eight colours.

They're new! They're wonderful!

## 1951's Tailored "Jantzens"

"Jantzens" with sporting ways, crisp classic lines—lovely in action! Like these hip-sleeking skirts that team with trim novel-collared shirts. Like these handsome jackets for men, that look so well from links to clubhouse, or in any outdoor setting.

**Twin-buttoned shirt** in new imported MOYGASHEL. Two-way collared, crease-resisting, button-cuffed. Seven colours.

**Twelve-pleat skirt** in plain or houndstooth. "KOGBA" WORSTED. Slide-fastened, with trim canvas-lined waist. Grey, brown. Also black and white or brown and white houndstooth.

**Peak-collared shirt** in imported "SHANTUNG." Long sleeves, jigger-buttoned. Action-back, patch pockets. 7 colours.

**Four-gored skirt** in "KOGBA" WORSTED, plain or houndstooth checks. Note the peaked hip pockets. Slide-fastened. Grey, brown. Also black and white or brown and white houndstooth.



# Institute's aim is to prevent child illness

By a staff reporter

If the Australian infant mortality rate had been as low during the past 50 years as it is now, there would be 320,000 more native-born Australians to-day.

I LEARNED this when I visited the newly formed 20-bed clinic of the Institute of Child Health at the Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children, Sydney.

A century ago one child in every three could be expected to die before reaching the age of 12.

To-day one child in 20 dies before reaching 12. Doctors who specialise in children's health claim that in 10 years the figure will be less than one in 50.

That this is a probability is due to highly trained medical men and women like those working full-time and part-time at the Institute of Child Health under Dr. Lorimer Dods, first Professor of Child Health at Sydney University.

The Institute was established by the Commonwealth Government last year. Its object, stated by Sir Charles Blackburn, Chancellor of Sydney University, is "the prevention and cure of diseases which attack early in life."

In a ward at the Institute's airy, cream-and-green rooms, bright with flowers, I met Howard, Simon, and Earl, three young patients.

Jennifer and Ross are also in this ward. They are infants, who, like their older wardmates, have been saved from death or chronic invalidism.

Jennifer has a congenital malformation of the hip and will be in hospital in plaster for some time. Without treatment she would never have been able to walk.

Ross is only a month old. He was born with the RH blood factor, a rare hereditary blood complaint. When he first arrived at the institute it was very doubtful whether he would live, but he is improving already.

When looking at little Howard, it is hard to realise that this piquant, impish three-year-old is really a sick boy.

He was admitted to hospital suffering badly from



NURSE JOAN WARR with Jennifer (left) and Ross, infant patients at the Institute of Child Health. Jennifer, born with malformation of the hip, is in plaster. Ross, aged one month, has a blood complaint.



THREE-YEAR-OLD Howard (left), a rheumatic sufferer, holds hands with his wardmate, Simon, aged 18 months, who has been in hospital for four months.



EARL, aged two, has regular spells in hospital for blood transfusions and special treatment for acute anaemia.

rheumatism, but after special care he will go home cured.

Without treatment he would probably have been a chronic invalid.

Earl is two, with big brown eyes and a slow, wide smile.

He has been having blood transfusions for acute anaemia.

Earl is a "regular." He goes home often, but has to come back for treatment.

Simon, "tough guy" of the ward, is allowed up for only an hour a day.

But what an hour! After playing with everyone's toys, rushing headlong all over the ward pushing his favorite red balloon, he is exhausted and has to be put to bed.

Although only 18 months old, he has been in hospital for four months with anaemia, and has had many blood transfusions. Eventually, however, he will be a healthy boy.

Ten years ago babies like Simon either died in infancy or grew up sickly, never getting past early teens.

At the Institute, Dr. Lorimer Dods and his staff divide their problems into three groups.

First are those of growth, development, and nutrition; second, infectious diseases; third, psychological and behaviour problems.

Investigations of growth, development, and nutrition begin in the first few weeks of pregnancy of the mother.

Australian Dr. Norman Gregg's discovery that German measles during pregnancy can lead to defective sight, hearing, and other congenital de-

fects has been described as Australia's greatest single contribution to medicine.

The Child Health Institute is following up his findings and is trying to prevent or control disturbances during pregnancy likely to affect the normal development of children.

Psychological and behaviour problems of childhood and infancy are the full-time care of Miss Edna Hill.

A full-time medical officer, Dr. R. M. Mills, is studying the problem of preventing and controlling TB during childhood.

Juvenile rheumatism, which is causing more childhood cripples than polio, is being given special study by another full-time doctor.

Specialists estimate that rheumatism is responsible for almost one-third of all heart diseases among adults.

Other members of the Institute carry out research into problems of brain damage to newborn babies, pink disease, meningitis, anaemia, and infections of the lungs, nose, and throat.



FIRST, COTY'S BRILLIANT 'Coral & Pink' LIP COLOUR.

—and now its perfect complement...

CONTINENTALE  
AIRSPUN\* FACE POWDER  
by  
COTY

Straight from the heart of fashionable Paris comes this thrilling new shade of "AirSpun" Face Powder—"Continentale"... a fascinating soft peach tone with a subtle hint of deep honey. Of course, it's "AirSpun" to an incredible fineness—to stay on longer and never, never cake!

\*AIRSPUN—an exclusive Coty process which whisks the powder round at fantastic speed, so that each microscopic particle becomes far smaller, rounder and softer than could ever be achieved by mere milling and grinding.



And, of course, your Coty Skin Fragrance... a part of your own presence. Use it lavishly after bath for cool, fragrant, all-day freshness.

LONDON: 1 New Bond Street  
PARIS: 71 Place Vendôme  
NEW YORK: 612 Fifth Avenue

## Journalist wins £50 as cover girl

UNDISCOVERED Beauty" Marion Barry, whose picture appears on this week's cover, is a cadet journalist on a Brisbane paper.

Marion and photographers W. A. Jones and Co., of Brisbane, will each receive £50 for the picture.

Marion is studying for the Diploma of Journalism at the University of Queensland. She is 18.



MARION BARRY.



*For a man with a taste for really good coffee!*

**(and a budget-conscious wife!)**

# NESCAFÉ

There is no need to miss the stimulating enjoyment of good coffee just because the price of ordinary coffee has gone sky-high. NESCAFÉ is still inexpensive, and no more delicious or fragrant cup of coffee can be made or bought than a cup of Nescafé—made in 3 seconds.

makes **Perfect** Coffee  
in just  
**3 seconds!**



**4/3**

PER 4 OZ. TIN

Slightly more in some country areas.

Why is Nescafé so good and yet so economical? Because it's concentrated: because all the flavour and aroma of choice roaster-fresh coffee beans is sealed in . . . only to be released when you add hot water. And there is no waste with Nescafé: no grounds: no sediment. Nothing is thrown away. You make as much as you want (black or with milk) just when you want it. For real coffee enjoyment—NESCAFÉ!

*Quick and easy to make  
and it's so economical!*

Nescafé (pronounced Nev-cafoy) is Nestlé's soluble coffee product, composed of equal parts of skilfully extracted coffee solids and added carbohydrates (dextrins, maltose and dextrose) added solely to protect the flavour.



**first—**

a rounded  
teaspoonful  
in a cup:  
using more  
or less  
according  
to taste



**then—**

for 'black'  
coffee  
simply fill  
the cup  
with really  
hot water



**or—**

for milk  
coffee, add  
hot water  
and hot milk,  
or hot milk  
only

**ANOTHER OF NESTLÉ'S GOOD THINGS!**

7/10/51



# Three Australians produce a ...



AUSTRALIAN London Sainthill (right), who designed and decorated "Royal Album," confers at the Victoria and Albert Museum, London, with James Laver, author and costume authority. Mr. Laver helped with research.

EDITOR of "Royal Album," Harry Tatlock Miller, of Sydney, at the late Walter Hutchinson's country home in England, where Mr. Miller did the final work on the volume.

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London office

**"Royal Album," a handsome volume in which the residences of the King and Queen and their Majesties' collections of art treasures are illustrated and described, is the work of three Australians.**

THE three men are Harry Tatlock Miller, well-known Sydney writer and art critic, who is editor, Sydney artist London Sainthill, who did the designs and decorations, and Adelaide-born photographer Alec Murray, whose work often appears in The Australian Women's Weekly.

"Royal Album," which is being published by Hutchinson, is timed for the opening of the Festival of Britain, in May, when it will be distributed in the United Kingdom, throughout the British Commonwealth, and in America.

Although the volume will be one of the prestige publications of Festival year, it got off to a bad start.

"We were working on 'Royal Album' in Sydney in association with the British Council," Harry Tatlock Miller said, "and intended bringing it out to coincide with the Royal Tour of Australia in 1949.

"When this was cancelled we were among the casualties.

"As we were going to London, we didn't scrap the album, but brought it with us.

Walter Hutchinson was so impressed with the book that he spoke for an hour by telephone from his bedside about it the Sunday night before he died.

It was the last book he commissioned.

Working in Britain, the three Australians steeped themselves in tradition, enlarged and enhanced "Royal Album" to chronicle all the splendor and magnificence of Royalty against the rich fabric of its own setting.

From a slim volume designed to show people in Australia the houses

the King lives in and their treasures, the album grew to an anthology in word and picture.

"Everyone was helpful," Alec Murray said. "Lady Gowrie was particularly anxious that I should have the best possible facilities for photographing, and invited me frequently to the Norman Tower, where she and Earl Gowrie live at Windsor Castle. Although Lady Gowrie is a very busy person, she gave her time unsparingly."

The King's pictures are reproduced in "Royal Album" by permission of His Majesty. Fifty of the pictures in the Royal collection are featured, including works by Rubens, Rembrandt, Van Dyck, Raphael, da Vinci, Titian, and Holbein. Seven are in color.

Page after page of the text is flavored with anecdotes giving intimate glimpses of Royalty through centuries.

"The Marquess of Carisbrooke, grandson of Queen Victoria, was one member of the Royal Family who drew on his fund of humorous and interesting stories to give me some new sidelights on Royalty," Harry said.

Contributors include the distinguished modern historian Arthur Bryant. Cecil Beaton presents portraits of the Royal Family.

New Zealander Hector Bolitho, Royal biographer, has written on Royal residences, and another New Zealander, Rex de c Nan Kivel, of the Redfern Gallery, writes on the Royal Pavilion at Brighton.

It has taken the authors two and a half years to complete "Royal Album." Final work and proof-reading were done by Harry Tatlock Miller in the drawing-room of Walter Hutchinson's country home, where, among the many art treasures, there is a Constable valued at £150,000.



ARTIST London Sainthill working in his studio near the Victoria and Albert Museum on the pages of "Royal Album." In the 200-page book there are 400 illustrations, including 16 color plates. London Sainthill studied period costumes at the Museum.







"Nothing tastes nicer than PIE  
made the **QUICK EASY KRUSTO WAY**"

—says **ELIZABETH COOKE**,  
famous Kraft Cookery  
and Nutrition Expert



Look for  
the **TESTED**  
**RECIPES**  
on  
every packet

How Grandma would have loved Krusto! No bothersome weighing and measuring, no scarce butter to be added — just mix Krusto with water, roll out and bake. And what pastry! Light as a breeze, flaky, melt-in-the-mouth pastry every time, and so digestible!

### KRUSTO BUDGET PIE

1½ cups cooked, chopped meat (left overs of lamb, beef, chicken or rabbit); ¾ cup cooked, diced potato; ½ cup cooked, diced carrot or celery; 1½ teaspoons onion, grated; 1¼ cups white sauce; 2 oz. finely grated Kraft Cheddar; Salt and pepper; 6 oz. Krusto Pastry Mix. Combine meat, potato, carrot and onion. Mix in the grated cheese, then the white sauce. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Mix Krusto Pastry Mix with water. Knead slightly and roll out to fit pie dish. Place mixture in pie shell. Make decorative shapes from left-over pieces of pastry and place on top. Glaze with egg white. Place in oven at 450° F., then reduce heat and cook at 400° F. for 20-25 minutes or until pastry is brown and filling begins to bubble. Garnish with parsley and serve at once. Serves four.

Ask for **KRUSTO**  
the super PASTRY MIX made by KRAFT

Sweet pies too—  
they're irresistible when you  
bake with KRUSTO



### KRUSTO ORANGE PIE

Filling: Mix a thin paste of 3 tbsps cornflour and ¼ cup milk. Boil 1 cup milk with ¾ cup sugar and pinch salt. Stir in cornflour. Cook 2-3 minutes. Allow to cool. Add 3 beaten egg yolks, ½ cup orange juice, 2 tbsps lemon juice, 1 tbsps grated orange rind. Pour into a baked Krusto tart shell. Decorate with meringue. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) until meringue is lightly browned. Top with crystallised cherries.



### KRUSTO PEACH CUSTARD PIE

Mix 2 tbsps custard powder with a little milk. Boil 1¼ cups milk. Add custard powder. Cook 2 mins. Line pie dish with Krusto. Cover bottom with 1½ cups sliced peaches. Pour on custard. Cover with pastry. Place in 450° F. oven. Reduce to 400° F. and cook until pastry is golden brown.



### KRUSTO LEMON PIE

Filling: Soak 2 teaspoons gelatine in 1/3 cup cold water. Put 3 slightly beaten egg yolks with ½ cup sugar, ¼ cup lemon juice, ¼ teaspoon salt in double boiler. Stir while cooking until slightly thickened. Add gelatine. Stir well. Add 1 tbsps grated lemon rind. Chill until setting begins. Beat 3 egg whites until fairly stiff. Add ½ cup sugar while beating. Fold into mixture. Pour into cold baked pie shell. When set decorate with cream.



### KRUSTO APPLE AND NUT PIE

Filling: Cook ½ cup brown sugar, 1 tbsps cornflour, 1 tbsps butter or margarine, pinch salt, dash nutmeg, dash cinnamon, 1/3 cup apple juice or water over moderate heat until thick. Stir constantly. Cool. Add 2½ cups diced apple. Place in Krusto pie shell. Top with sliced nuts and circle of pastry. Place in hot oven and reduce to 400° F. Cook 20-25 mins.



★ reveal the **REAL** you with  
**Max Factor** ★  
**COLOR HARMONY MAKE-UP**  
 of the stars



PAN-CAKE® MAKE-UP  
 FACE POWDER • CHEEK ROUGE  
 LIPSTICK • EYELASH MAKE-UP

These are the five most indispensable beauty requisites of the screen's most glamorous stars. Try the correct color harmony shades created expressly for your type . . . and see what an amazing difference they make in your own beauty.

\*Pan-Cake (trademark) means Max Factor Hollywood Cake Make-Up



CLAUDETTE COLBERT  
 Universal-  
 International

MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD  
 MANUFACTURED IN SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA

AT LEADING CHEMISTS & DEPARTMENT STORES ★

### SEND FOR THIS UNUSUAL OFFER TODAY!

Fill in carefully the information chart below and Max Factor will send FREE your own Color Harmony Make-Up Chart, plus the 32-page color-illustrated book by Max Factor, "The New Art of Make-Up."

MAX FACTOR & CO.,  
 BOX 3942, G.P.O.,  
 SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

COMPLEXION	EYES	HAIR
Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE <input type="checkbox"/>
Fair or Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Grey <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>
Sultry <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>
Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>
Deep Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>
Deep Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/>
Tan <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>
Deep Tan <input type="checkbox"/>	Mid. <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Deep Tan <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	GREY HAIR <input type="checkbox"/>
If Pink check above & hair <input type="checkbox"/>	Grey <input type="checkbox"/>	If grey hair, check above & hair <input type="checkbox"/>
	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	

MP-61-16-10-10



Make a picture of  
 your window

FULLY GUARANTEED  
 COLOUR PERMANENT

**'Sparwick'**

FURNISHING  
 FABRICS

Crisp as frost and delicate as a petal are these 'Sparwick' Curtain Nets. Whether you choose Nets, Curtains or Brocades you can be assured of the enduring quality and beauty of the fabrics if they are branded 'Sparwick.'

SEE THE NEW "SPARWICK" DESIGNS NOW AT LEADING STORES

### HAZEL



"Change?"

### BUTCH



"Now I got a good mind to tear up my tickets to the Police Ball an' not even go to it."

# It seems to me

THE U.S. Army has coined a horrid new word, "miniaturisation."

It means replacing large and cumbersome equipment with smaller and lighter but equally efficient types.

That's all very well, but there appears to be a Service tendency to compensate with larger and more cumbersome words.

"Miniaturisation, forsooth! To date I must admit I have not been able to think of a suitable synonym, not in one word, anyhow. "Small-scale replacement" is the nearest I've found. Admittedly it is longer. But why this passion for trying to make one word do the work of six?

Such words aren't exclusively American. The disease spreads. An ex-Australian Army type quotes the order "Vehicles will be wheel-erised," meaning that vehicles will have wheels put on them!

That other horror, "hospitalisation," has edged itself into civilian language.

It has been excused as the shortest way of giving the meaning. So it is. It saves two letters and one space on "hospital treatment."

If you feel that two letters and one space saved are sufficient excuse for a word like "hospitalisation," you won't agree with all this. You will probably approve of "miniaturisation." In which case we may as well drop the subject and argue about something else.

TELEVISION shows up insincerity, Mr. Charles Moses, general manager of the Australian Broadcasting Commission, said in London recently. "If you televised the world's parliaments you would eventually get rid of all phoneyes," he said.

On radio your soothing voice  
 May influence a voter's choice!  
 Reported on the printed page  
 Or safely distant on a stage,  
 You'll surely get away with much  
 Which, analysed, is double Dutch,  
 But voters, armed with video,  
 Will quick and smart get rid o' you.

THE notion of Utopias is eternally fascinating, in spite of their long record of dismal failures.

George Krouse, an American, wants to settle 25 specially chosen couples in Antarctica to open up huge new mineral deposits.

He has drawn up plans of a village entirely enclosed in a big concrete shell to keep out the cold.

He has figured out 180 questions which, he says, will determine how well couples are suited to one another, since it is essential to the scheme that the members of the colony should be happily married.

One can only wish him luck. It has been said that one of the reasons the colony started by William Lane in Paraguay failed was that the party didn't like the brew made of a local herb, which they drank instead of tea.

The reason for the eventual disintegration of this one—if it's ever started—might be lack of sky, shut out by the village roof.

At least that would be as good a reason as any. But any experiment which requires absolute harmony among 50 people is unsound.



Dorothy Drain

LONG hair is dead, so a hairdresser told the annual conference of the Guild of Hairdressers, Wigmakers, and Perfumers in London recently.

Furthermore, it will stay dead, he adds with that fine confidence of prediction that always arouses my envy and scepticism—envy that anyone could be so certain of anything, scepticism of any sweeping fashion forecast.

He says that it is impossible to give long hair the variety of movement and adaptability of short hair.

Maybe so. On this day of 1951 I am all in favor of short hair. It is easy to keep tidy, unlike shoulder-length hair, which, rolled into fashionable shape by a hairdresser, used to stay tidy on my head for two hours and revert to chaos for the rest of the week.

But I am equally confident that in 1953 I would be quite capable of asserting the reverse—of extolling the virtues of long hair, its possibilities for variety in dressing, its ability to knock years off the calendar.

The reason is that I, like 90 per cent. of women, am a perfect sheep in matters of personal adornment.

Does some mysterious "They" decree that hats this year will be aluminum frying-pans with a fringe of carrots? Then eventually I must be rigged out in frying-pan and carrots, too.

Anyhow, it's just as easy as thinking out a mode of dressing for yourself.

THEY'VE been taking the census in Britain, and the wording on the form aroused the ire of Mrs. Lydwal Kraft, daughter of a suffragette and wife of an engineer.

The form evidently infers that the husband is the head of the household. Mrs. Kraft insisted on signing it as "joint head of household," and made a fuss which drew an apologetic letter from the Registrar-General.

Mrs. Kraft will probably receive some ardent support for her protest, but not enough, I think, to cause any radical alteration in census forms.

The world is full of heads of households in skirts who are far too astute to insist on public recognition.

What is the curious alchemy  
 That works on garments stored away  
 And changes them mysteriously  
 When brought to face the light of day?  
 Why is it that the winter suit  
 Which last September still looked smart  
 Has changed to a repellent brute  
 Whose line would break a female heart?  
 No silverfish or errant moth  
 Is villain of this touching tale;  
 And, checking up in mounting wrath,  
 The answer lies not in the scale.  
 Come, shake them out, those clothes  
 you bought;  
 What cruel tricks our memories play!  
 Such havoc obviously is wrought  
 By goblins in the rag trade's play.



Do you spend many nights alone in the house? Do even the smallest noises worry you? Then keep an "Eveready" brand flash light beside you. Sleep with it under your pillow. Then, in a flash, you will be able to see through the dark as quickly and surely as Tibby the family cat. Make use the brand IS "Eveready". Then you'll be certain of dependable service.



Such a relief! Only the blind flapping.



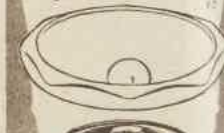
Dark shadows in dark streets won't worry you.



Spider! Always use your Eveready Flashlight in dark cupboards or drawers.



Keep your "Eveready" brand flashlight full of power. Always use "Eveready" batteries for brighter light and longer life.



EVEREADY  
 TRADE MARK  
 Brand FLASHLIGHTS  
 BATTERIES AND BULBS.





**NAVAL PARTY.** Commodore Pullen, O.B.E., commander of the visiting cruiser H.M.C.S. Ontario, with Mrs. H. A. Showers and Mr. Carman Croft, Acting High Commissioner for Canada, at the party given by Rear-Admiral and Mrs. H. A. Showers in the wardroom of H.M.A.S. Kuttubul.



**CHRISTENING.** Tiny Frances Dorothy Falkiner with her mother, Mrs. George Falkiner, of "Haddon Rig," Warren, and godfather, Mr. Douglas Doyle, after her christening at St. Mark's, Darling Point.

## Social Gittings

**TEN-DAY** visit of Canadian Navy cruiser Ontario was celebrated by a bright round of parties in Navy circles. The gayest was the welcome given by Rear-Admiral and Mrs. H. A. Showers, who entertained in the wardroom of H.M.A.S. Kuttubul.

Many Canadian officers sported beards. One of the most luxurious belonged to Lieut. Gordon Hodgson, from British Columbia. His clean-shaven friend, Lieut. Michael Page, does not think beards a necessary part of naval uniform, but "read up on Australia's exports and imports and all other things you should know about a country."

Pretty Barbara Showers helped her parents entertain, and the following evening she was hostess to

gun-room officers at a dinner and dance at Tresco, Elizabeth Bay.

General consensus of opinion among the Canadian officers was that "Montreal traffic is pretty bad, but Sydney is worse."

**AFTER** two months' holiday at Cronulla the H. A. Drivers and their two small sons, Austin and Lindsay, have returned home to "Whipcoric Park," Conargo. At Cronulla, they purchased, as their sea-side home, "Silver Waves," the lovely old home of Dr. Miller.

**WHEN** they return from their honeymoon in Adelaide, the Henry Medways will live at the Medway property, "Nerragundah," Gunning. Henry's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Medway, have moved to Vaucluse. His bride was formerly Elizabeth Chad, only daughter of the A. T. Chads, of Scone.



**ENGAGED.** Young actress Wendy Playfair and Jimmy Williams plan their marriage for June or July. Wendy is the third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Strath Playfair, of Woollahra, and Jimmy is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Evan Williams, of Double Bay.



**PRETTY BRIDE.** Mrs. Bruce Noble and her attendants, Jacqueline Reuss, Judith Pickering, and Joan MacMillan, in the vestry of St. John's, Canberra. The bride was formerly Margaret Hodgins, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Hodgins, of Canberra.

**TWO** pioneer families were united when Betty Lowe and Harry Macartney married at St. Aubin's, Lindfield. Betty is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Lowe, of "Claydon," Dubbo, and Terrigal, and a descendant of Robert Lowe, of Mudgee. Harry is the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Macartney, of Ourimbah, and a nephew of Sir Alex Macartney, of Queensland. The couple will live on Harry's property at Ourimbah.

**HOME** after 18 months on the Continent, Mrs. G. J. Stanbury, of Elizabeth Bay, returned with many more than the one suitcase which was her luggage when she flew to Switzerland. Keenest admirer of her new wardrobe is eight-year-old daughter Diana. Mrs. Stanbury spent a long time in Zurich, her home town.

**SEEN LUNCHING:** Dr. and Mrs. John Stewart, newly arrived from Perak, Malaya, to visit son John, a pupil at Scots College. They had a hail-and-farewell luncheon at the Pickwick Club with the Bill Armstrongs before the latter returned to Perak. . . . Mrs. Stanley Clarke, of Elizabeth Bay, entertained Mrs. John Richardson, from Auckland, at Romano's. Mrs. Richardson will be joined this week by her husband, and will visit Melbourne before returning to Sydney.

**OPENING** nights of "Worm's Eye View" and the Borovansky Ballet saw the appearance in the audiences of a number of Sydney's best-groomed women. Outstanding at the Theatre Royal opening was blonde Margaret Gustafson, whose palest lemon full-skirted frock, seed-pearl handbag and chunky, bronze bracelet came from Paris, and her silver-kid shoes from South Africa. Margaret said yellow and mauve were the two most popular colors when she was in Paris recently. At the ballet Mrs. Ernest Watt and Pamela Allsop pinned fresh flowers to their gowns. The former had a corsage of white gardenias on her black satin frock, and the latter wore a mauve orchid on blue satin.

**THREE** weeks' honeymoon motor-ing on the South Coast is being enjoyed by the Peter Balfes before their return to Goolooga where Peter is manager of "Dumblee" station. His wife is the daughter of Mrs. K. R. Maher, of Bondi.

**A** DANCE floor was laid under a marquee on the lawn of the C. R. Iverson home at Ashfield, when daughter Pamela celebrated her 21st birthday with a dance for both city and country friends.

Anne



**BRIDE AND GROOM,** Mr. and Mrs. Robert McCarthy (right), were congratulated by Laurence Austin and Pat Leaboeur at their wedding reception. Laurence and Pat will be married this Saturday.



**LONDON PICTURE** of Olivia Lubbock and Geoffrey Keighley, who will marry on May 10. Olivia, daughter of the Hon. Maurice Fox-Pitt Lubbock and Mrs. Lubbock, is a kinswoman to Peter Lubbock, half-brother to Lady Wakehurst. Geoffrey, only son of Mrs. Keighley, of Clifton Gardens, plays cricket for Yorkshire.



**POLO PLAYER** Mr. Dougal Bray, of Ranelagh, Forbes, and Mrs. Bray (left) with Mrs. M. Bellemans, formerly of N.S.W., and Mrs. Arthur Mangan, of Adelaide, during the Gold Cup Polo Carnival in Adelaide.





- A. five bold buttons stud the simple edging on this long-sleeved jacket. highland plaid—predominantly hyacinth. patch pockets.
- B. a plaited belt highlights a shirred-back suit in famous boucle wool. a jaunty rolled collar on wide, square shoulders. see it in dramatic firebird red.
- C. a touch of the high seas in the crew neck of a dear little sweater. a cardigan combines to make a fancy-knitted twin set—in shades of blue.
- D. collar up, collar down—as the mood strikes you! V. neckline, Dolman sleeves, in a swagger Be-bop sweater. a host of lovely shades.



FOR THAT 'SECOND LOOK'-- WEAR

**Black Lance**  
DREAM KNITTEDS OF FINEST WOOL

Black Lance brings you rich warm winter tones in red and blue . . . a dream-world of informal woollens — guaranteed 100% pure merino wool. Send these Black Lance Knitteds to the dry-cleaners with a light heart . . . the superfine wool will keep its shape . . . won't lose weight. These are but four of this season's collection . . . your fashion store will be happy to show you many more lovely styles in a delightful range of eye-catching colours.

Another four new Black Lance styles in the Women's Weekly of May 19th. Watch for them — you'll love them.

NP 17.



# Ship prepares for Polar cruise

## Scientists of Discovery II study life of Antarctic

By SHEILA PATRICK, staff reporter

A young English zoologist sat crouched over a big jar of pale pink, black-eyed little creatures resembling whitebait, examining each one and counting them into a bottle.

He was Ron Plummer, one of the eight scientists of the Royal Research Ship *Discovery II*, now in Sydney Harbor.

WHEN I saw him aboard the ship he was checking and labelling specimens of plankton gathered from the deep sea off the ice edge of the Antarctic.

Plankton is the collective name of the tiny, drifting forms of organic life (incapable of swimming against the current) found at various depths of the ocean. The name derives from the Greek word meaning wandering.

It is sometimes called "the pasture of the sea" because it provides food for fish as do grass and cereals for animals on land.

Certain species form the food of whales. By studying this plankton and its location at different times of the year, it is possible to deduce the movements and whereabouts of certain types of whales.

The little specimens Ron Plummer was counting were scarcely an inch long. Much plankton is so small it can scarcely be seen with the naked eye.

Mr. Plummer showed me some of the biggest they had caught.

The largest resembled a white transparent prawn about three inches long.

After each trip the samples in labelled bottles are crated in wooden boxes for storing in the ship's hold.

They are handed over to the Natural History Museum in London when the ship returns home.

*Discovery II*, besides the eight scientists, has a crew of 48 officers and men. She is being overhauled, docked, and prepared for six months' voyage round the ice edge surrounding the land at the South Pole.

This will be the second time a ship has made the circum-polar trip in winter. The first trip was made by *Discovery II* in the winter of 1932.

The ship, named after Captain Scott's Antarctic ship *Discovery I*, was launched in 1929. She roams in the southern oceans while the scientists map the ocean bed, study marine life, bird and insect life, and the habits of whales.

The research is supported financially by the governments of Great Britain, New Zealand, Ceylon, and Australia.

When I went aboard *Discovery II* at Garden Island, Sydney, recently, Chief Engineer Arthur Dunn was supervising a complete overhaul of the engines.

Mr. Dunn, who is on his first visit to Australia, told me that the little ship—she is just over 1000 tons—steams along at eight knots, and at top speed can do 12.

"We must be particularly careful with our engines, as most of our cruising is done far away from shipping routes," he said.

Blue-eyed, sun-tanned Second Officer Barry Dunham showed me over the ship.

Everywhere sailors were busy overhauling standing wire rigging, painting iron-work, and chipping rust.

In dock she had been thoroughly overhauled under the water, the bottom cleaned and anti-fouled. The portholes in the fore-castle had been blocked off because in heavy seas they were often smashed.

In port the scientists are not idle. They complete the labelling and packing of specimens caught on the previous trip, and prepare the jars, solutions, and reagents for the next cruise.

In the small, well-equipped laboratory chemist Roland Cox showed me a special bottle which is used for taking samples of the ocean at different depths.

It is an 18-inch silver cylinder.

ZOOLOGIST Ron Plummer (left) counting 5000 specimens of prawn-like plankton caught in Antarctic Ocean. Below: Sailors dry and mend hauling net.



ROYAL RESEARCH SHIP *Discovery II* having her under-water surface scraped and painted in the Captain Cook Dock, Sydney. She sails for New Zealand on April 23.

der supported in a heavy metal case in which it can swing up and down. It is lowered to the required depth open at both ends so that the water runs through.

A weight is slid down the line to the bottle causing it to swing over and close, trapping the water.

Mr. Cox said that stopping for samples is called "making stations" and that when they reach the Antarctic they work a station nearly every night.

"We usually start about 8 p.m., as the plankton comes to the surface layers in the dark," he said.

"Engines stop and the ship lies as comfortably as possible. It is sometimes very rough and the sea water is extremely cold.

### Cold and discomfort

"WE wear all the woollies we can lay hands on, but our fingers suffer most. Undoing the screws and taps on our bottles make wearing gloves practically impossible.

"And in any case they'd get so wet. It is very often snowing and the decks are slippery with ice.

"We lower our water-bottle and some of the others lower the nets.

"Later the ship steams along and we heave the towing nets over.

"All this takes about four hours, and by midnight we are usually all pretty tired.

"The following day we sort our specimens and label them and analyse the sea water."

Chemist Ed Childs said that

one of the personal worries is keeping clothes in good order.

"The ship rolls to such an extent that if we hang our clothes in the cupboards as we do ashore they would be worn out by the friction," he said.

"We must either pack them in so tightly that they can't move, or put sheets of brown paper between them."

Senior scientist is Dr. Henry Herdman, who has spent most of his life studying the oceans in the Antarctic.

In his snug little cabin lined with scientific books, Dr. Herdman told me he liked nothing better than pottering about in the waters of the far south.

"There is always something new down there, and even though I have been about those waters for a long time, it is still a great experience every time we make a trip," he said.

One of the most important jobs on the ship—catering—is done by Third Officer George Selby Smith.

George, who is a keen bird-watcher and amateur ornithologist as well as a deck officer, is also an enthusiastic caterer.

"Possibly because of the cold weather, the crew is always very hungry," he told me.

"Down there, where it is many degrees below freezing, soup is very popular.

"We have a beautiful stock-pot, which is at its best just towards the end of the trip."

Rum is issued by the tot, and a special issue is made to the man who sights the first whale every day, as the scientists make a special study of the habits of whales.

When she leaves Sydney on April 23, *Discovery II* will make for Dunedin, in New Zealand, and from there go down to the ice edge.

She will spend six months circumnavigating the South Pole, coming up for oil fuel to Falkland Island, South Georgia, Whaling Station, and Cape Town.

She will then return to England with her scientific treasures after being away from her homeland for nearly two years.

BEAUTIFY YOUR HAIR WITH

THIS ADORABLY

## Lustrous Sheen



## Richard Hudnut egg creme SHAMPOO contains real egg

Its secret, of course, is egg, which makes the hair so much more manageable. To bring out the "love-lights" in your hair and to impart a sheen of lustrous softness, give it a regular Egg Creme Shampoo. Then see how much easier your hair will set—how much longer your perm will last—and discover in admiring glances how much more alluring your hair will become. Prove it by trying a 4-oz. bottle of Richard Hudnut Egg Creme Shampoo—and then buy the more economical 8-oz. size.



### Richard Hudnut SHAMPOO IS BETTER BECAUSE . . .

1. It contains real egg to make your hair more manageable.
2. It is not a wax nor a paste—but a smooth, liquid creme.
3. It is easier to apply and rinses out readily.
4. It removes loose dandruff.
5. It's the same shampoo as used in the famous Richard Hudnut Fifth Avenue luxury treatments.

Sh2.102.51

HE DOESN'T WANT TO LOSE IT!

## IT MUST BE A POLO HANDKERCHIEF

Each handkerchief hygienically packed in cellophane. Made from finest Egyptian, rayon-cotton, new fast colors. Available in both men's and ladies'.



OBTAINABLE ALL LEADING STORES

### PARTY TIME

Winter time is party time, so if you're planning a large celebration or an intimate buffet dinner, you'll welcome the helpful hints in "COOKERY FOR PARTIES" Published by The Australian Women's Weekly. You'll find this an indispensable guide for all who entertain at home—and it costs only 2/- everywhere.





## *Slim dresses with oblique lines*

● The moulded silhouette for a cocktail dress, above, in a new apricot color. The side-swept almond neckline runs into the side closing from which swirls fullness low on the skirt.

● Angora woollen, above, the color of rich, red earth is used for another dress with a slim outline. Side button closing bursts into a godet of pleated fullness for easy movement.

● Deep diagonal pleats; left, in a skirt with a very narrow look make dramatic an otherwise simple frock with oblique closing from a high neckline. Hat and muff of ocelot.

● Dress in wool jersey, right, has twisted side folds for hip interest. A tubular patent belt is threaded through the twist at the narrow waist. Scarf ends tie high-standing collar.





## *Soft suits with many variations*

● All designers feature the dress and matching jacket idea. Illustrated above is a loose bell-jacket with high collar, puffy sleeves, vivid lining, and outsize artist's bow. The jacket is effective over a straight-as-a-reed matching wool dress.

● Cocoa wool suit, left, from New York. The top is fitted, with loose, button-cuffed sleeves. The three-quarter skirt of the coat flares widely over the hips with huge deep pockets. The tight skirt is button-closed all the way down the front.

● Gay orange suit in fine wool, right, by an Italian designer. The skirt has the new trumpet line. The small fitted jacket has a draped neckline tied high with a large black velvet bow. Shoulders are soft, with three-quarter sleeves.



Here's a  
delicious  
assortment of  
12 fine-quality  
chocolates . . .



# "Snack"



**The only  
chocolate block with  
these 4 luscious centres.**

1. "STRAWBERRY CREAM" A delicious taste-sensation of freshly-picked strawberries.	3. "FRUIT SUNDAE" An exciting blend of choice, fresh-fruit flavours.
2. "CREAM CARAMEL" A rich, creamy caramel-flavour which lingers on your tongue.	4. "TURKISH DELIGHT" A joy to every taste. Rich and exotic.

Made by **MacRobertson**  
The Great Name in Confectionery

**KIWI** IS IN A NEW,  
OPEN-IN-A-FLASH tin!



Just Twist  
The milled edge  
does the trick

Change to  
**KIWI**  
for keeps

2944  
AUSTRALIA'S BIGGEST SELLING SHOE POLISH

**A.M. — Australia's Leading Monthly Magazine**

You'll find plenty of short stories, features, and color pictures in each issue, as well as articles of absorbing sporting and general interest.

1/- On sale at all newsagents and bookstalls. 1/-



Michael of Lachasse

Hardy Amies

Norman Hartnell

## London leads world in fashion elegance

After six months' study tour of European fashions I am convinced that Paris is the spice and Rome the wit of the fashion world, but that London leads in elegance.

This was borne in on me when I attended the London couture spring dress collections before sailing for home.

IN London the tailoring is magnificent, and with very few exceptions the materials are superb.

Restraint in design, quality in fabric, and integrity of workmanship combine to give simple elegance.

London designers excel in cutting the classic suit. This classic suit is not dull. Its cut is smooth and easy, and its details are often of French origin.

The same suit designers are fans for the really gala ball-gown with immense skirt and strapless décolletage.

In this gala category, the straight, slim dress made in jersey or sheer wool with body-revealing lines has great chic.

The third important London fashion—and typically English—is the Ascot ensemble. It can be a dress-and-coat ensemble, a dress-and-jacket ensemble, or a dressy suit. In this field designing is spirited and original.

I saw no real change of silhouette in any London collection.

In the suit range jackets remain well waisted, with the waist in the correct place. Hips are rounded, and shoulders natural—some I noticed were slightly padded to look natural.

Skirts are slender. The length is 14½ to 15½ inches off the ground.

Hardy Amies caused a slight fashion flutter by proclaiming the strategic area in a suit as from bosom to hipline. He said: "A bra should be just as carefully fitted as the garment it is worn under."

The same designer made a great-to-do about linings, and uses canvas, stiffened net, and horsehair. Amies considers such items essential to achieve a clearly defined outline necessary in chic tailoring and dress-making.

Mattli, on the other hand, believes in a softer and more feminine line. I admired one Mattli model, I must confess, with Sydney in mind.

The ensemble consisted of a coolie-type coat and slim dress, both made in linen. The coat was titian-red (almost an orange shade) and was embroidered with white open-work flowers. The flower centres were black. The coat

was collarless and had three-quarter-length sleeves.

The dress was black, slim cut, with buttons and belt made in black string to match the flower centres on the coat.

Several of the Mattli suits were trimmed with gun-holster pockets.

Norman Hartnell's collection was really lovely, from a classic tailored suit in dove-grey flannel worn with a grey-and-yellow print blouse to superb formal dresses with voluminous skirts and strapless bodice tops.

I admired Hartnell's green Ascot suit—he called it Moss Rose. It was single-breasted and very waisted, the skirt slim. A monster pink rose in the buttonhole of the jacket matched the pink waistcoat and tiny hat trimmed with floating ospreys.

When writing about the Hartnell collection I cannot fail to mention his bridal gown. It was made in heavy white satin with a very wide skirt, and was lavishly embroidered

cut his suit jackets with a slim waistcoat effect and made enchanting tailored coats in plaid organza.

Morton designed an evening dress with a bodice top made entirely of pleated raffia. To give a flower-basket effect he finished the strapless décolletage with spring flowers.

The Worth collection offered a wide choice between pencil-needle light wools and ethereal billowing organzas.

However, to me quite the most interesting thing about Worth's collection was the wonderful materials. Afternoon dresses and coats were made of a semi-stiff and semi-transparent crepe, rather like thin shantung, and a very intriguing new material called "Monkey." The latter has the appearance of being covered with soft-tufted fringe.

Worth was the only house to show an ultra dropped shoulder-line. It was used for dressy ensembles.

Charles Creed, who is perhaps one of the best-known and most famous London suit designers, re-introduced the bloused back for overcoats. All his coats are fitted and well tailored. There are no tents, kimonois, or dust-coats.

Creed's newest suits are all slim-fitting, with detailed interest in the wide lapels, waistcoats, and tab fastenings. He shows lovely pale tweeds for country wear and teams them with silk shantung shirts.

Lachasse made its debut as the latest House to join the fashion group, and its young Irish designer, Michael, had great success.

The collection produced several real gems. One, an elegant Ascot suit, was perfection. The suit was cream lace, veiled with black chiffon over a foundation of black tulle.

In the same collection I also admired a very formal Ascot coat made in navy silk tulle. The coat had a straight back and excessive front fullness.

Another Michael, Michael Sherard, the youngest of all the London designers, showed a small but delightful collection. Mr. Sherard aptly labelled his suits "tailor's deceit" because they all had clever dressmaker touches to accent femininity.

Everyone can  
afford the  
luxury of . . .



# Erin-Art

SCALLOPED  
SHEETS  
AND

EMBROIDERED  
PILLOW CASES

Made from finest quality linen-finished sheeting. Erin-Art sheets are available in all sizes, either hem-stitched or scalloped, or plain if you prefer. Erin-Art pillow cases are available hem-stitched, embroidered or plain housewife style.



A PIONEER PRODUCT

## SHORTAGE OF CLOTHES?

Due to serious labour shortage in Australian clothing factories during the winter months, there is a possibility that a shortage of clothing will result. The chief cause of these winter production breaks is the common cold. One or two members of the factory staff 'catch a cold' then spread it around the factory by their constant coughing. Workers and industry generally would benefit if the value of Allen's CURE-EM-QUICK were more widely known. Allen's CURE-EM-QUICK relieves coughing instantly.

## WATCH FOR THESE SYMPTOMS

WORMS may cause any of the following symptoms in children or adults: Purged tongue; loss of appetite; disagreeable taste and breath; grinding of teeth whilst asleep; head-ache; drowsiness; swollen stomach; disturbed sleep.

**Comstock's Worm Pellets**  
HARSH! Stomach and Throat Worms from the system. They are specially flavoured so children like them.

PRICE 2/- EVERYWHERE  
W. H. COMSTOCK CO. LTD.  
25, Ladbroke St., Sydney.

**COMSTOCK'S WORM PELLETS**





## £2000 first prize design

● Sketches of the winning house in our £4000 Plan-A-Home Contest on this page and pages 32 and 33, and of the second prize winning plan on page 35, were drawn by our architects.



★ Full details and plans of the £2000 prize winning entry in our Plan-A-Home Contest, designed by Dr. David Rich, of Turrumurra, N.S.W., and of the entry of the second prize winners, Mr. and Mrs. D. Lawrence, of South Yarra, Melbourne, are given in this section.

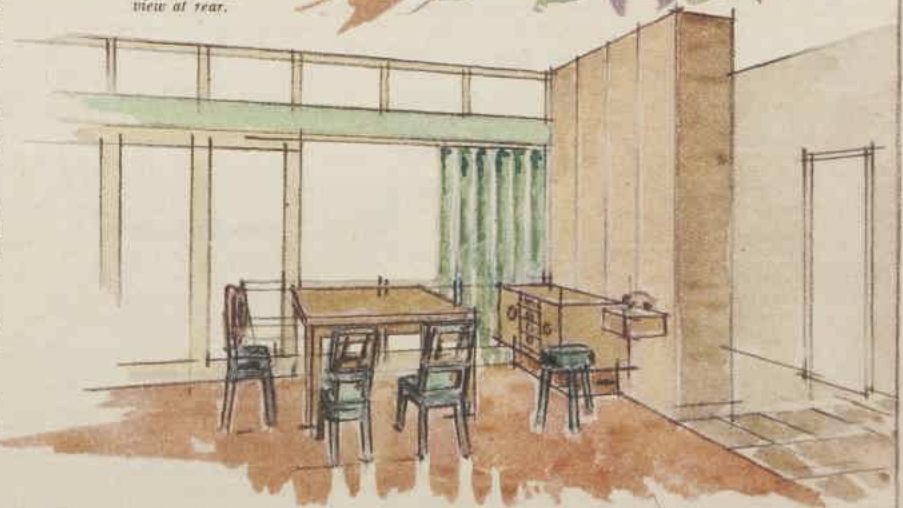
**M**ORE than 15,000 entries were received, many prepared by two or more people, — engaged couples, members of families, or friends.

Competitors were required to submit a ground plan of a three-bedroom house situated in the suburbs or in the country, accompanied by a brief explanation of the plan and description of the color scheme and furnishings.

The house could be up to 14 squares (1400 square feet) in size, excluding verandahs, terraces, and wall thicknesses.

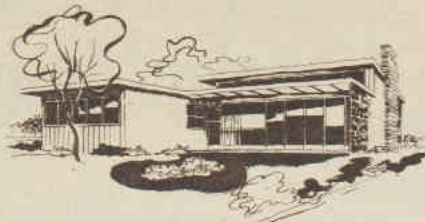
The site was a block of land with a frontage of 50ft. to a road facing south. Most pleasant views were to the north.

REAR VIEW of the £2000 first prize winning house, designed by Dr. David Rich. Below: Dining section of living-room, overlooking pleasant view at rear.





# Perfect Light for the Perfect Home



Here is PHILIPS LIGHTING PLAN  
FOR THE £2000 Prize Winning Home.  
FEATURED IN THIS ISSUE OF "WOMEN'S WEEKLY"

## PHILIPS Lighting Service Bureau

has developed a lighting plan to suit the prize-winning home designed by Dr. David Rich and featured in this issue of "The Australian Women's Weekly." Actually, Philips Lighting Service Bureau has designed a number of lighting plans but this particular one has been approved by the designer as being aesthetically desirable and ideally suited to his home for both convenience and easy seeing. Although the Philips system uses some 52 light points, the design has an eye to economy and over the years the installation would save money because each light point is contrived to perform a specific function... lights would only be in use as required for the particular seeing task of the moment.

EVERY HOME  
IS A  
BETTER HOME  
WITH

# PHILIPS

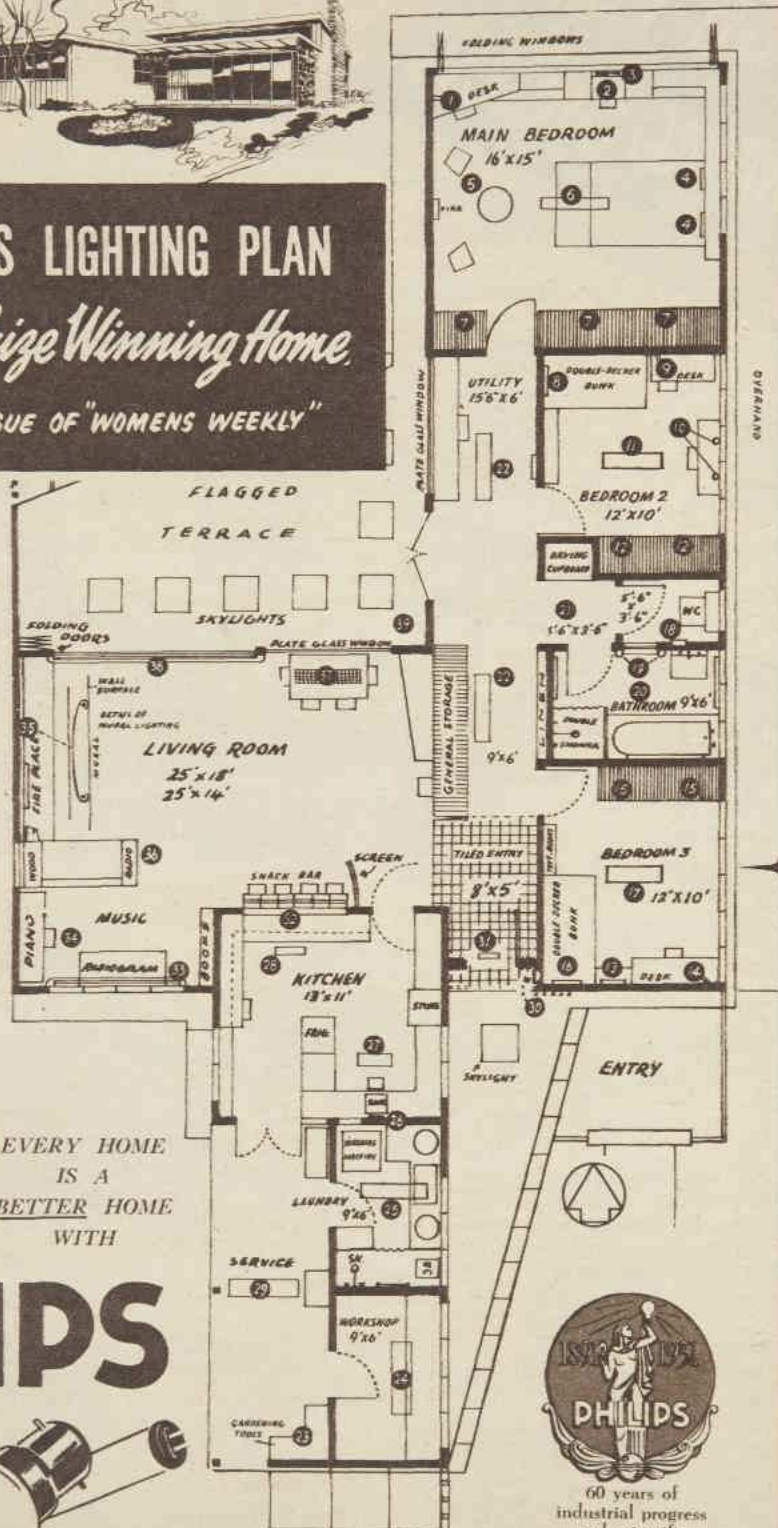


Write to the Philips Office in your State for a free folder showing Philips lighting plan for this model home, and including also new ideas on lighting techniques for your own home.

PHILIPS ELECTRICAL INDUSTRIES OF AUST. PTY. LTD.  
SYDNEY • MELBOURNE • BRISBANE • ADELAIDE • PERTH



60 years of  
industrial progress  
and scientific  
development.



**MAIN BEDROOM, 1.** A bracket type I.E.S. study lamp over desk with PHILIPS 100-watt lamp. 2. PHILIPS 100-watt "Mylux" lamp recessed in ceiling behind concentric louvers. Light directed downwards at an angle to illuminate face for make-up. 3. PHILIPS 40-watt show-window lamp behind Moderne Plated glass at base of mirror completes the essential lighting for make-up. 4. Independently switched 40-watt PHILIPS "Philinea"—bed-room lamps. 5. I.E.S. "Better Light" lamp. 6. Built-in architectural lighting fixture with one PHILIPS 10-watt warm-white, fluorescent lamp. 7. PHILIPS 6" frosted tubular lamps inside cupboard doors, automatically operated by plunger-type switches.

**SECOND BEDROOM, 8.** 25-watt PHILIPS "Philinea" lamps over each double-decker bunk. (It is an interesting scientific fact that children need less light for close seeing than adults—main bedroom previously mentioned has 40-watt bed lamps.) 9. Same as 8. 10. PHILIPS "Colorenta" lamps each side of dressing table mirror. 11. Similar to 6, with a 20-watt warm-white, fluorescent lamp. 12. Same as 7.

**BATHROOM AND TOILET, 13.** Directional glass refractor plate, flush with wall, four feet above floor level, using one PHILIPS 40-watt tubular lamp. 14. PHILIPS "Colorenta" lamp mounted each side of shaving mirror. 15. Vapour-proof, flush-mounted, diffusing-type, single unit on ceiling, using one PHILIPS 100-watt lamp. 16. Cycle-type, single unit, with one PHILIPS 25-watt lamp in lobby outside bathroom.

**THIRD BEDROOM, 17.** 25-watt PHILIPS "Philinea" lamp mounted above wall mirror. 18. Same as 17. 19. Same as 17. 20. Same as 17. 21. Same as 17. 22. Same as 17. 23. Same as 17. 24. Same as 17. 25. Same as 17. 26. Same as 17. 27. Same as 17. 28. Same as 17. 29. Same as 17. 30. Same as 17. 31. Same as 17. 32. Same as 17. 33. Same as 17. 34. Same as 17. 35. Same as 17.

**HALLWAY, 22.** Flush-mounted PHILIPS 40-watt, warm-white, fluorescent lamps with clip-on louvers.

**FRONT ENTRY, 20.** Vertical, 20-watt, fluorescent, warm-white PHILIPS lamp recessed in a wall niche behind small pyramid glass panel. 21. PHILIPS 40-watt show-window lamp behind a tinted, hard-glass panel in the entrance of hallway above door.

**LAUNDRY AND WORKSHOP, 24.** Industrial fluorescent unit mounted on ceiling, using a PHILIPS single, 40-watt, natural fluorescent lamp. 25. PHILIPS single, 40-watt, natural fluorescent unit, mounted flush on ceiling.

**SERVICE AREA, 22.** PHILIPS 25-watt pearl lamp mounted inside tool cupboard direct to ceiling. 23. Same as 22.

**KITCHEN, 26.** Same as 18 to illuminate the sink. 27. Twin, 20-watt, warm-white, PHILIPS fluorescent, flush-mounted decorative luminaire. 28. Single, 20-watt, warm-white, PHILIPS fluorescent, flush-mounted luminaire.

**LIVING ROOM, 22.** Intensive directional refractor plates flush with ceiling, with one 40-watt and one 20-watt PHILIPS warm-white fluorescent lamps (in line) above them, provide concentrated light on snack bar. 23. Two PHILIPS 40-watt, warm-white fluorescent lamps concealed behind the curtain pelmet. These lamps highlight the curtain drapes as well as providing room lighting. 24. Similar to 2 to illuminate the music and the keyboard. 25. This is a wall mirror illuminated from behind with two PHILIPS fluorescent lamps concealed in white plaster. One even brightness all over mirror. 26. Same as 5. 27. Recessed twin 40-watt PHILIPS fluorescent warm-white lamps above aluminium-finished egg-crate louvers which project below the ceiling line. 28. Three 40-watt, PHILIPS warm-white, fluorescent lamps behind curtain pelmet, above folding doors (similar treatment to 23). A decorative glass panel at vertically reeded glass on the exterior face of the wall permits light from these lamps to illuminate the flagged terrace as well.

**TERRACE, 29.** A supplementary standard lamp, same as 5 and 26.

\* I.E.S. ILLUMINATING ENGINEERING SOCIETY  
For illustrations of types of fittings used see left-hand column of opposite page.



KEY  
TO TYPES OF  
LIGHTING FIXTURES  
USED IN PHILIPS  
PLAN AT LEFT



**NOTE:** Philips Lighting Service Bureau has indicated, in some instances, fittings which Philips do not make. In many cases fittings of the same general type but of different design would work equally well. You must, however, be sure that the wattages indicated, be used as the source of light.

# Planned for outdoor living

## Big terraces extend house space

Provision for outdoor living and the grouping of activities—whether inside, outside, or both—were among the main objectives of the winner of our Plan-A-Home contest, Dr. David Rich, of Turramurra, Sydney.

THE ground plan on page 32 and the drawing showing the house minus the roof on page 33 will reveal how successfully he has achieved this.

By providing three big roofed terraces, lit by skylights, Dr. Rich ensured that there would be ample space for outdoor living.

Dr. Rich has arranged the living-room and terraces not only for the convenience of the family, but to make it possible to entertain large parties in a pleasant setting.

The large entry terrace on the south has wide access to living-room. The fireplace sitting area of this room extends to the main terrace on the north, through folding doors with a total width of 12ft. 6in.

The main terrace runs along the whole length of the living-room and, with its wrought-iron furniture, becomes part of the main living area of the house.

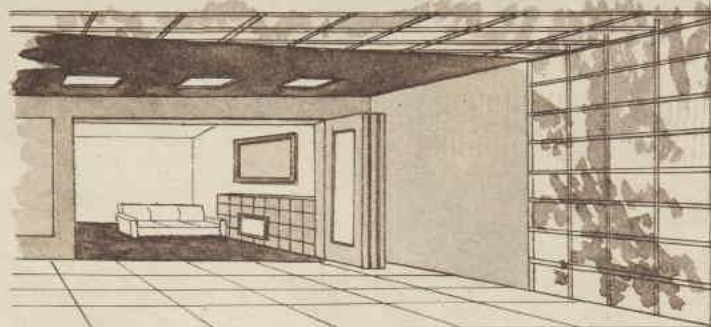
A pergola extends the living-terrace beyond the roofed area to make an oblong. The roof is 16ft. wide at the utility-room end, and the pergola makes this width uniform along the whole 25ft.

The floor is smooth sandstone with cemented joints, except for a few scattered pockets for plants, some of which are placed near the dining-window, in front of the utility-room windows, and round supporting pillars.

The ceiling is ivory to match the living-room ceiling.

The formal dining section of the living-room commands the pleasant northern view.

Outside the kitchen, and running the full length of the laundry and workshop, is another roofed terrace 18ft. by 7ft. Facilities are here pro-



LIVING AREA is greatly enhanced in Dr. Rich's plan by the provision of a roofed terrace with trellis beyond. Doors that fold back to form an opening 12ft. 6in. wide open from the living-room to the terrace.

vided for indoor drying in rainy weather, changing of garden and working clothes, shower and lavatory (off laundry), and extension of workshop interests.

The concrete floor of this terrace is covered with asphalt tiles, and a small ramp leads out all round to ground level. At the far end against the wall is a cupboard and shelves for garden tools, fertilisers, seeds, spraying and dusting materials.

A small cupboard by far laundry wall houses an extra garbage tin to replace kitchen one when full.

By the kitchen door is the garbage-tin opening and in front stands the clothes trolley.

The covered living and service terraces allow all normal activities in all weathers without getting clothes and shoes wet. There is little or no interruption of normal outdoor living and playing. Clothes are washed and dried, the workshop is fully accessible, the house adequately ventilated.

Provision is made for the pursuit of diverse hobbies at the one time. All bedrooms have desks for study; there is a second small wireless in the kitchen which can be taken to the bedrooms; power points are provided in the second and third bedrooms for wirelesses if wanted. Space has been left in the boys' room for special hobby interests—wireless, meccano, trains, etc.

Informal eating is at the six-foot hatch (servery) into the kitchen. This is three feet wide, and its surface is continuous with kitchen bench tops.

Separating this from the door to the kitchen is a semi-ornamental screen of solid panelling to the height of the eating surface and continued to the ceiling by bars at 8in.

intervals. It is concave towards the hatch side.

The living section has been made into a virtual "dead-end," with its attendant advantages. Handy to the kitchen hatch for super-serving, it overlooks both the north terrace and the children's play area. The south part of this area is a music region, with piano, radio-gram, record storage, and books.

To facilitate serving meals on the terrace or in the garden there is a traymobile with provision for keeping food hot. Power points are provided at appropriate places, including the garden.

Neither actual cost nor specific expenditure was computed, but Dr. Rich decided to keep expense within reasonable limits.

But, though he replaced highly elaborate fittings and constructional features with alternatives, he retained many costly but infinitely useful ones. For example, his plan included an automatic clothes-washer and a dish-washing machine.

To make housekeeping easier, a hot-water service and refrigerator are provided. Other equipment includes a rotary ironer, electric portable

sewing-machine, electric mixer, floor polisher, laundry trolley, and rotary clothes-hoist.

The general floor level is raised one foot above ground except for the laundry and workshop, where the floors are poured concrete slabs. Living and entrance terraces are at general floor level.

The laundry floor is lower than the kitchen floor to permit building in a soiled-linen cupboard at sink height in the kitchen and above the automatic washer in the laundry.

The laundry ceiling is lower than the kitchen ceiling.

Too great emphasis on the horizontal is broken by using vertical grooved weatherboards externally.

The windows are folding and standard (double pivoted) casements and hopper type where indicated on plans. Two large plate-glass windows are also indicated.

Doors are of folding, standard, and stable types.

General fittings from stock—in the main.

Problems of entertaining have been carefully thought out and the house planned to make hospitality simple. At the same time the right to privacy of each member of the family is not impaired.

### SAFETY PRECAUTIONS

DR. RICH has included several safety devices in his plan.

- Dummy three-point plugs are fixed to power points that could not be placed out of reach of children. All points have pilot lights.
- Poisons are stored high.
- Medicine cupboard is

at the top of the bath-room shelves.

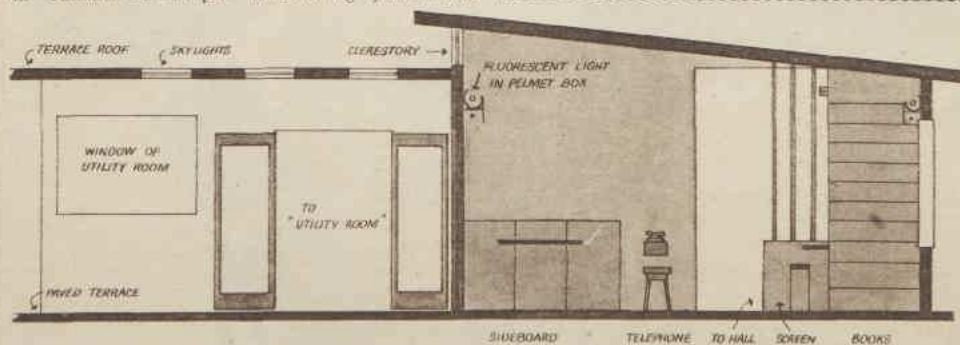
• Living and entry terraces are at floor level.

• Door handles are low, locks high.

• Floor rugs are non-skid types.

• Drawers are non-jamming.

• Uncarpeted parts of floors are not highly polished.



EAST WALL of the living area of the house planned by Dr. Rich. On the left are the window and door of the utility room which open on to the north terrace, and on the right the entry door to the living-room and screen of the service hatch from the kitchen, where informal meals are taken. Bookshelves are built in on extreme right.

HERCO  
the all purpose  
LOTION



care of the skin

Women everywhere are saying "My skin feels soft, smooth, natural and refreshed... never drawn, tight or dry since I started using Herco".

Your skin becomes velvet soft... fine lines soften and disappear... flaky roughness smooths away when the rich creamy Herco lotion penetrates deep into the pore openings. Lanoline's nourishing benefit and the softening effect of the Olive Oil keep your skin gloriously young.

Herco is scientifically compounded to care for your skin by the three basics of true skin beauty:

- (1) softening; (2) nourishing; (3) protecting.

CONTAINS  
Olive Oil



The Secret of  
Healthy Hair

Tired, dull hair needs Koko to restore its liveliness. Rub Koko into your scalp morning and night—then brush briskly. Koko refreshes and cleanses the scalp... brings back the sparkling highlights that give your hair its glamour. There is no oil, grease or dye in Koko—the perfect hair tonic for the whole family.

Ask your chemist for

**KOKO**  
— FOR THE HAIR

BE IMMUNE\*  
FROM COLDS TEN  
DAYS FROM NOW

Here is the common sense way to avoid the common cold—and influenza. You catch these troublesome complaints because your natural resistance is too low. Restore these protective powers with Anti-Bi-San Tablets. They provide preventive ingredients for absorption into the blood stream. Take Anti-Bi-San for three days only. After seven days you will normally be immune from infection for three months. There are no disturbing after-effects. Ask your chemist for

**'ANTI-BI-SAN'**  
COLD AND INFLUENZA PREVENTIVE TABLETS  
11½ Adult, 9½ Child

\*The results are successful in a high percentage of cases. Anti-Bi-San 7-day treatment will, after seven days, normally provide immunity from infection for three months.

Write for leaflet in Ask Chemist:  
Farnett & Johnson Ltd.  
56-60 Chalmers St., Sydney, N.S.W.





# Exploding Trees

## and false theories

at one and the same time!



### MASONITE comes out of a 'gun'

It is the only hardboard that comes out of a 'gun.' And unless a hardboard comes out of a 'gun' it simply isn't in the Masonite class. Architects, builders and timber experts everywhere will vouch for this.

The 'gun' technique, the 'exploding' of hardwoods into fibre before hydraulically pressing them into grainless, non-splintering hardboards, is exclusively a Masonite process — perfected, patented and protected. It is the underlying secret of the unparalleled

durability of Masonite boards... a durability which cannot be imitated or even approached.

There are other hardboards on the Australian market... but they are NOT Masonite boards; all hardboards are not Masonite. There are four Masonite hardboards in general use — Masonite Presdwood, Tempered Presdwood, Temptrile and Primecote. These strong, smooth 12 ft. x 4 ft. boards make it a simple, speedy job to instal ceilings and panel walls... to cover floors... to build-in cupboards, furniture and fittings. And they are still the lowest priced hardboards available.

MASONITE IS A REGISTERED TRADE MARK



Production of Masonite has been trebled, yet it is still not sufficient to meet the ever-increasing demand. But the point is this: if you have to wait for Masonite... and if you **can** wait... it will **PAY** you to wait, rather than accept a board that is **not** Masonite.

MASONITE CORPORATION (AUSTRALIA) LIMITED

369 Pitt Street, SYDNEY  
282 Queen Street, BRISBANE

533 Collins Street, MELBOURNE  
31 Chesser Street, ADELAIDE







Your windows  
will be cleaner  
when you use...

**KIWI  
GLINT**  
THE MULTI-PURPOSE CLEANER  
THAT SAVES TIME, ENERGY AND MONEY

Just wipe on Glint—and wipe off dirt? Your windows will be crystal clear in half the time. No water required... no arm-sching polishing. Glint is wonderful for your silverware, too!



2'6TIN

Slightly higher  
in some  
country centres

## Stop Kidney Poisoning Today

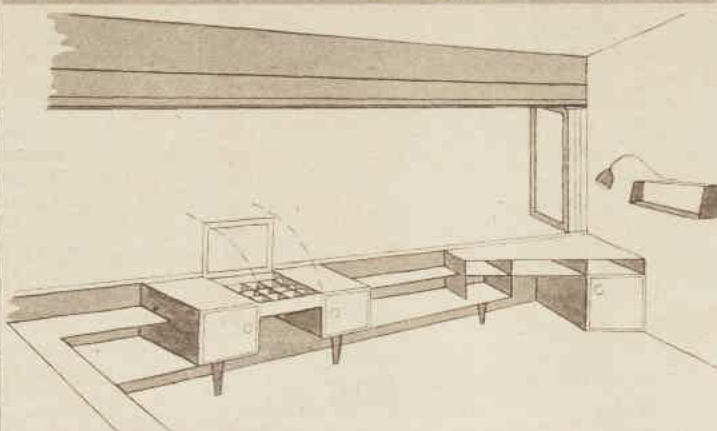
If you suffer from Rheumatism, Stomach Aches, Leg Pains, Backache, Lumbago, Nervousness, Headaches and Colds, Nausea, Chlorine Under Eyes, Swollen Ankles, Loss of Appetite or Bloating, you should know that your system is being poisoned because germs are impairing the vital function of your kidneys. Ordinary medicine can't help much, because you must kill the germs which cause these troubles, and blood can't be pure till kidneys function normally. Cystex works by attacking cause with Cystex—the new scientific discovery which starts benefit in 2 hours. Cystex must prove entirely satisfactory and be exactly the medicine you need or money back is guaranteed. Get Cystex from your chemist. The O u r a n t e e protects you.

**Cystex**  
Guaranteed  
for Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism

★ LEAVES NO LIP-PRINTS  
★ LIQUID  
**lip-glo**  
★ TO-DAY'S COLOUR  
★ LIQUID  
**lip-glo**  
★ COLOURLESS—USE OVER LIPSTICK  
★ LIQUID  
**lip-glo**  
★ ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

PHILIP HALL COSMETICS BOX 442 G.P.O. ADELAIDE

## Housework cut by gadgets



JAPANESE OAK is the wood Dr. Rich chose for this built-in unit comprising a desk, bookshelves, and dressing-table, which occupies the whole of the north wall of the main bedroom to sill height. Outward folding casement windows are specified.

## Careful planning saves time, reduces labor

In planning the house that won first prize, Dr. Rich aimed at reducing housework to a minimum.

HE achieved this by providing adequate storage space and working out the placing of the contents of cupboards and shelves. As well, the kitchen has nearly every modern device. The laundry is also well equipped.

Ceiling-high storage is installed in all rooms. Sporting equipment and articles such as vacuum-cleaners are stored in the most convenient places. Bookshelves are provided in all bedrooms, kitchen, and living-room. Hall cupboards take reference books, children's and school books, and magazines.

All clothing is stored in bedroom closets, which have extra space for blankets, eider-downs, and personal possessions.

The kitchen, which is planned in great detail, is deliberately excluded from direct sunlight because of the deleterious effect on exposed food, the visual discomfort, and to keep the room at maximum coolness.

The south wall contains the sink, dish-washer, refrigerator—the last two projecting forwards—double stable doors, the top halves of clear glass, clerestory windows, cupboard above sink for pots, pans, and small gadgets such as mincer, grater, etc.

An electric mixer has its own small cupboard fitted with a power point at bench level in the left-hand corner of this section. A paper towel dispenser is placed handy for draining fat from foods and wiping grease.

Also in this section is the soiled linen hatch opening into the laundry cupboard.

A concealed garbage tidy receives from the flap above and is emptied from outside the kitchen and wheeled away in its own trolley.

The west wall of the kitchen contains casement windows with overhanging eaves and a built-in broom and mop

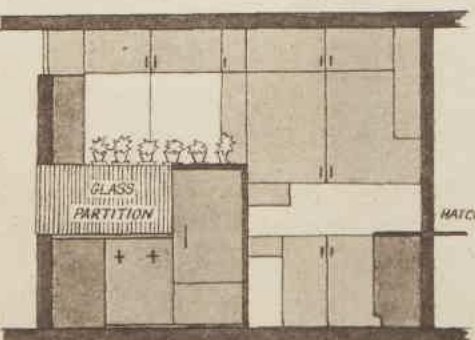
cupboard. Here space is allowed for storage of caustics and kerosene. There are a trades hatch, desk with fittings above, including a safe with a wired side, storage for groceries, and underneath storage for a preserving and bottling unit.

Glassware is placed above the 6ft. x 3ft. hatch on the north wall, and below are dining cutlery drawers and china cupboards.

### Ventilation

THE east wall has cupboards for china, a tea-towel drying cupboard, with an electric fan and hopper windows above bench level. Below, storage is provided for jugs and teapots, the stove is placed under the drying cupboard, and to the right are foodbins for cakes, bread, etc.

All rooms are provided with large amounts of window space, including the bathroom, laundry, and workshop. The whole of the north wall of the living-dining area is glass—half of it folding doors. Clerestory windows high on the south wall above the level of the laundry roof supplement 40 square feet of window, plus the 18 square feet of hatch of the kitchen.



DISHWASHER FRIG.

KITCHEN CUPBOARDS and fittings turn at right angles from the south wall to form an alcove at the head of which are stable doors. In this jutting section are the refrigerator and dishwasher and on the right is a glass partition, thickened to take pipes on which gay pot plants stand.

The plan provides for winter sunshine in all bedrooms, bathroom and lavatory, and living-room (through terrace skylights and clerestory windows), while direct overhead summer sun is excluded by the overhanging eaves, or rather aprons, above all windows.

Every effort was made to provide ideal illumination at the right place.

Fluorescent lighting is used extensively. Except in the living-room, where it is concealed in the pelmet boxes, the lighting is installed in flush and semi-flush ceiling fittings.

Supplementary lighting from standard, table, and wall lamps is used for special local illumination, such as at bed-heads, desks, and dressing-tables, and for reading.

An entry light is placed between the front door and the iron grille to cast shadows of the grille upon the terrace. The garden is floodlit from the terrace roof. A light is placed near the front gate.

Small exhaust fans (20,000 cubic feet an hour) are installed high on the outside walls of the bathroom and lavatory.

A similar fan is placed above the stove in the kitchen in the tea-towel-drying cupboard.

Insulating material in slat form is placed directly below the roofing substance, leaving space above the ceiling of some eight to ten inches.

Life is  
just one  
change after another . . .



Always a happy change for baby are Actil Terry Nursery Squares—they are:  
Extra soft for delicate skins.  
Super absorbent.  
Hygienically packed in cellophane.



**TERRY  
NURSERY  
SQUARES**

Also makers of  
SHEETS - PILLOW CASES  
and "FASCO"  
ALL PURPOSE FABRIC

BUY QUALITY BY ACTIL

AUSTRALIAN COTTON TEXTILE INDUSTRIES LIMITED



**Pond's  
new**

**Cream  
Lotion**

A snowy, flower-fragrant Cream Lotion, cooling, non-sticky. Aids the skin to petal smoothness, softens rough skin, soothes chapping, helps whiten red hands. Use always before wearing off-shoulder gowns.



\*An ideal powder base too!

FR11

## NEW!...a cream deodorant

which safely **STOPS**  
under-arm **PERSPIRATION**

1. Does not rot dresses or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly stops perspiration 1 to 3 days. Removes odors from perspiration. keeps armpits dry.
4. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of an international institute of laundering for being harmless to fabric.

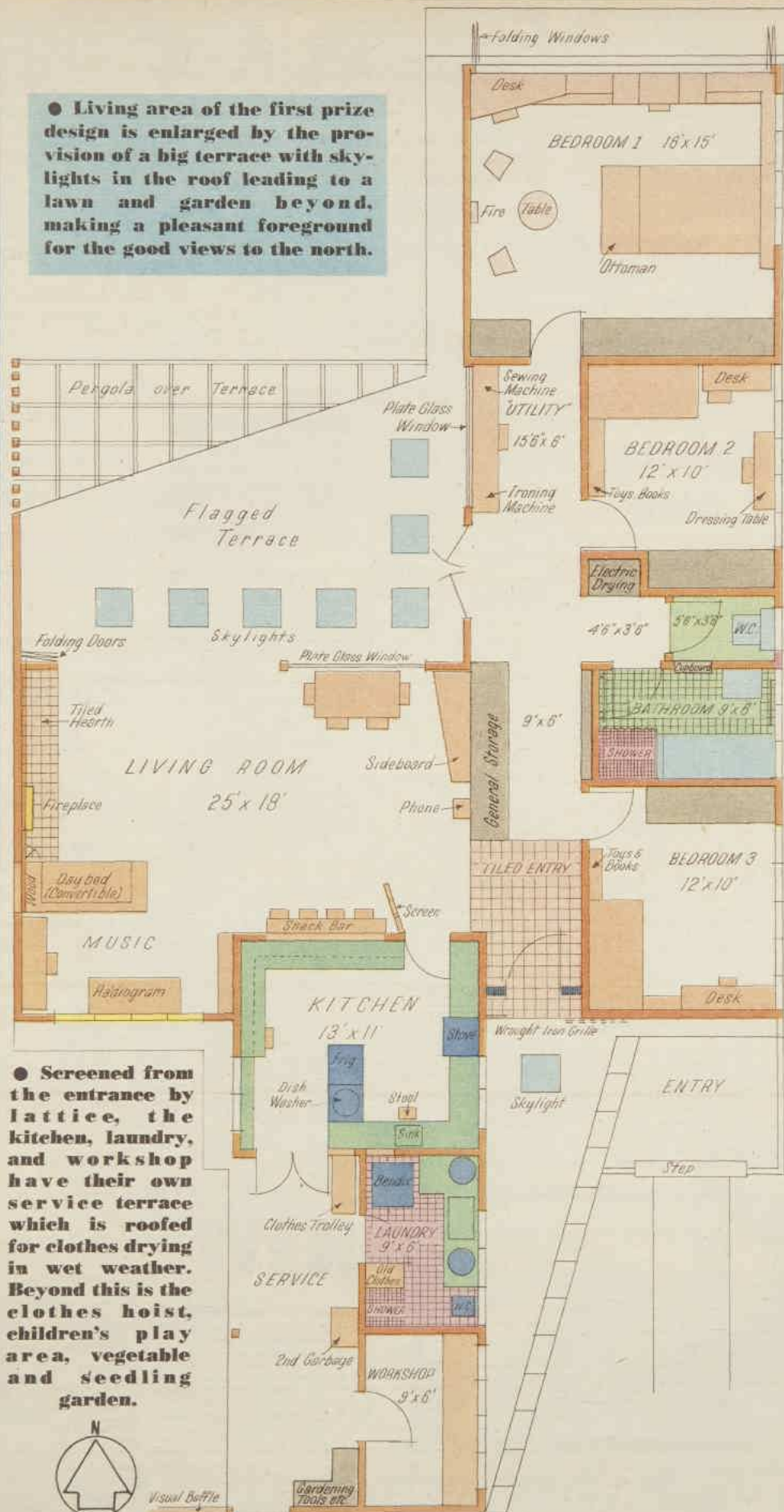


**ARRID** THE LARGEST  
SELLING  
DEODORANT



# Ground plan

● Living area of the first prize design is enlarged by the provision of a big terrace with skylights in the roof leading to a lawn and garden beyond, making a pleasant foreground for the good views to the north.



● Screened from the entrance by lattice, the kitchen, laundry, and workshop have their own service terrace which is roofed for clothes drying in wet weather. Beyond this is the clothes hoist, children's play area, vegetable and seedling garden.

● In the following description of his ground plan, left, Dr. D. Rich, winner of the first prize in our Plan-A-Home Contest, explains his arrangement of rooms.

THIS house, designed for a Sydney suburb, is of single story, and contains a living-dining room, three bedrooms, utility room (sewing, ironing, etc.), bathroom, separate lavatory, kitchen, laundry with shower and lavatory, and workshop-garden room.

As well, there is a large, roofed living-terrace and a smaller, roofed service-terrace.

Outside areas have been set aside to provide separate living, children's play, and service sections. Inside planning is for centrality of working and accessibility of rooms, yet with separation of living, sleeping, and service regions.

Particular attention has been paid to the simplification of housework by spatial relationships, design of individual rooms—their furniture and its arrangement—and by provision of labor-saving implements and devices.

As presented, the plan provides for a man and wife, with two children—boy and girl—at any school age. With minor rearrangements infants are accommodated instead, while little or no change at all is necessary for the "after-school"—working, technical college, or university—son or daughter.

The house is placed well back from the roadway so that its southernmost portion (the frontage is south) is at least 40ft. from it. This serves two purposes.

(1) It allows an extensive area, including the vegetable garden, to be suitably screened from the street and from the busy part of the garden.

(2) Since the bedroom wing extends well to northward, this part of the house tends to greater remoteness from neighbors.

## Novel layout

THE bare west wall of the living-room is taken to within three feet of the side boundary, this 3ft. passageway being paved or cemented so that firewood may be easily taken to the wood-hatch beside the fireplace.

The house is 40ft. at its widest, thus leaving 7 feet between bedroom windows and the east boundary. This is ample to provide space outside the windows and to allow of the erection of trellis at sites determined by the layout.

Similar decorative trellis (large pattern) is used on the west side where indicated, to provide adequate privacy—especially by living-terrace.

Contrary to hitherto long-accepted custom, service areas have been located on the south side; the north, with its better natural aspect (and in this case most pleasant views), being wholly reserved for living-room and master bedroom.

Outside areas fall, then, into three groups, each especially shielded and isolated.

(a) North. Living, playing, eating, relaxing, etc.

(b) South-East. Entry, reception, but large enough for some living, relaxing, etc.

(c) South-West. Subdivided into three regions: (1) Children's play, featuring sundial with awning, swing, etc.; (2) Clothes-drying—on circular clothes-hoist; (3) Vegetable garden, potting, seedling growing, and so forth.

Each of these areas is placed adjacent to its corresponding indoor group.

The kitchen is placed close to the entry, dining and living room, general storage, and laundry.

Sewing, mending, and ironing are not included in kitchen functions as it is almost impossible to mix them successfully with cooking, no matter how clean and tidy one is.

Accordingly, a separate area is set aside, and the widened hallway leading to bedroom 1 is furnished to provide these facilities. Added advantages are its nearness to the living-terrace and main bedroom and the general psychological atmosphere of pleasant living rather than the association of kitchen drudgery.



# Plan and interior of first-prize design

**The prize-winning plan provided for built-in furniture and comprehensive cupboard space for storage. Specially interesting features are given below.**

**Entry Hall** A folding screen attached to the storage wall of the hall separates the functional hall from the entry hall.

**Living-room** Folding doors on to the northern terrace enlarge the living-room for entertaining, and provision of power points on the terrace and in the garden makes easy the heating and serving of food outdoors by using a covered traymobile.

**Master Bedroom** Planned as second sitting-room for parents.

Built-in unit of natural Japanese oak comprises desk, bookshelves, and dressing-table to window-sill height, under folding casement windows which open whole north wall to garden and view beyond.

**Children's Rooms** Coachwood and red satin ash are the woods chosen for built-in furniture. Double-decker beds make the accommodation of guests simple. Ladders are used for top bunks and high shelves. Wardrobes and bookshelves are built in and desks provided for study.

**Bathroom** Minute glass bricks of translucent green cover the bathroom floor. An electrically heated closet for clothes-drying in wet weather is placed near the bathroom entrance.

**Kitchen** Storage cupboards are adjacent to spots where contents are most used. The cupboards are painted white to help lighting in interiors.

**Laundry** An automatic washing machine, hot-water service, clothes cupboard, tub wringer, and copper are provided. A soiled linen hatch communicates directly with the kitchen. Lavatory and shower recess are provided.

● Architects' drawing of the winning design shows the color schemes, arrangement of built-in and other furniture, and the relation of the rooms to corresponding outside areas, as described on page 32.



# Inside and out...

AUSTRALIA'S MOST BEAUTIFUL HOMES  
ARE FITTED WITH



## "Aberdeen" BLINDS



### "Aberdeen" ALL METAL VENETIANS

The classic beauty and lasting loveliness of "Aberdeen" All Metal Venetians will bring to your home indescribable charm, life and colour—transforming your rooms and subtly blending with settings whether traditional or modern. The featherweight, glass-like, plastic finished slats are gracefully curved to give you complete control of light and air, and the baked-on mirror surface wipes clean so easily.

From the exquisitely designed fluted headbox which hides all working parts, through the gleaming slats, right down to the bottom rail with its delicately moulded plastic end pieces, "Aberdeen" Venetians are ALL METAL.

Choose from white, ivory, pastel green, pastel blue, pastel pink, signal red or cream, colours that will match or mix with your own decorative schemes.

Here are the finest ALL METAL Venetian Blinds obtainable, created by skilled craftsmen, yet sold at the most keenly competitive prices. "Aberdeen" Venetians can be obtained through your local storekeeper. We measure, quote and erect in the metropolitan area.

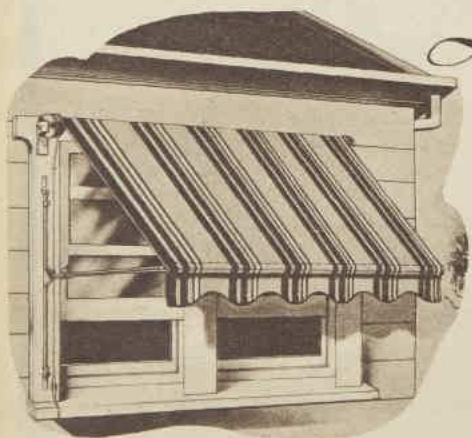


### "Aberdeen" Double Venetian Blind Cleaner



Now, more leisure for pleasure with the new "Aberdeen" double Venetian Blind Cleaner. This amazing device cleans two slats at once, better, easier, faster than you've ever dreamed possible. A spring steel handle with a baked-on enamel surface in blue, red, green or yellow combines with soft, rabbit's fur pads which cannot scratch the most fragile surfaces. There's one for you at only 10/-.

## Convert your verandah into an extra room this winter with...



### "Aberdeen" (Reg.) CLIMATE CONTROL BLINDS

Now you can convert your verandah into an extra room... snug, cosy and proof against winter's rain and cold. Gaily striped "Aberdeen" (Reg.) Climate Control Blinds give protection from sun, heat, cold and rain—are tailored to fit your own individual requirements. Their exclusive patterns, whether blending or contrasting, are correlated to assure perfect harmony with your home exterior.

Guaranteed fadeless and water repellent, "Aberdeen" Climate Control Blinds are made in florentine (throw-out) or straight-drop styles, with the finest of easy-running fittings. Here's beauty, utility and durability at a price lower than you dreamed possible.



**FREE**

Send for FREE illustrated Venetian and Climate Control blind booklets and price lists to Dept. W 4, 33 Regent Street, SYDNEY.



If unobtainable locally, WRITE — CALL — OR PHONE, BLIND DEPT.

**SMITH COPELAND & CO. PTY. LTD.**

33 REGENT STREET, SYDNEY . . . PHONE M4181-2-3

Makers of Finer Blinds and Canvas Goods for Over 57 Years.



# £1000 prize-winning house has courtyard



ARCHITECT'S DRAWING of the house designed by Mr. and Mrs. D. Lawrence, who won second prize in our Plan-A-Home Contest. Living wing is on the right, and is connected by a gallery to the bedroom wing on the opposite side of the court. Drawing shows view on western side.

## Plan gives view from each room

Winners of the second prize of £1000, Mr. and Mrs. D. Lawrence, supplied the following explanation of their plan, and their reasons for their room arrangement.

**T**HE plan is for an urban block. The house is built to give maximum sun and a feeling of space with privacy and to create its own views additional to the natural views of the block.

A colorful interior, with a view from each room, taking advantage of cool south breezes in summer is the aim.

The layout provides for a simple but colorful approach from the street, paved for minimum upkeep. A private court for living-out space and a neat service yard off the kitchen with the remainder of the site as an informal garden provide charming vistas.

The living-room, which is the main room, is large, and other rooms are subordinate to it. The kitchen is compact and labor saving, and includes laundry facilities. It is planned with the dining-room.

All the bedrooms are away from the main living space, connected by a general purpose gallery, which encloses the court.

The front area forms a car drive with three trees near the boundary. Flower beds are on side boundaries. Between, the area is paved

with cement, with alternate painted red-brown and grass squares.

Vertical boards are used, and the house is built as close to ground level as possible. It is painted white, and contrasts with the deep green foliage of the garden.

The west wall of the living-room is natural red stone, with a fireplace, wood box, and book shelves. To the left of the door is a sheer glass cabinet with a few ornamental or rare pieces. The south wall has clerestory windows, a cornered set-in couch, small tables, easy chairs, a cocktail bar, built-in radiogram, and desk.

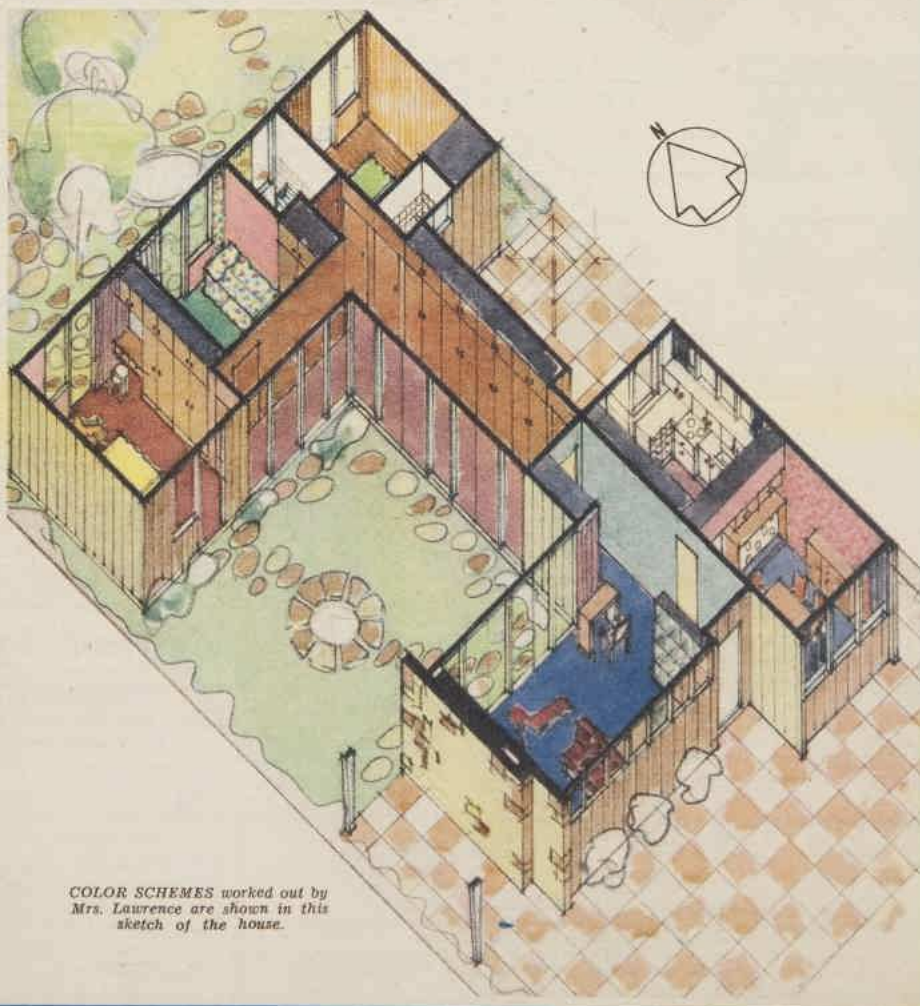
The north wall is glassed to the floor with doors. An annexe with coat cupboards leads into gallery.

On the south wall of the dining-room is a view window with a sill about twelve inches from the floor, wide enough to take cactus pots.

The general purpose gallery has a glass east wall with doors on to the court and cupboards for storage along its west wall with an access door.

Furniture throughout is of simple, modern design, with natural finish.

The court, seen through glass walls on three sides, is paved with irregular stones.



COLOR SCHEMES worked out by Mrs. Lawrence are shown in this sketch of the house.



# "No Mother Wants Another War...but..."

**MRS. WADE-FERRELL**, mother of 11 children, tells why she encouraged her three sons, and son-in-law, to train in the Citizen Military Forces.

"No mother wants another war, but we must be prepared. Mothers should encourage their boys to join the C.M.F. because it teaches them to be unselfish and considerate as well as how to use arms if necessary. My boys get good pay for the C.M.F. parades and their employers make up their pay during their annual fortnightly camp. And they certainly enjoy the camp period. They say they have a better time in camp than they do during their holidays. But this aspect is unimportant when, day after day, we read and hear about the threat of another war. All Australians must get behind the drive to build up our defences. Women can help by encouraging their menfolk to join the C.M.F.—if they don't they might finish up shouldering a gun themselves!"



Mrs. Wade-Ferrell, 23 Sinclair Street, Wollstonecraft, N.S.W. Her eldest son Douglas, aged 36, is a captain in 17/10th Battalion, C.M.F. Ronald, aged 23, is a sergeant, and her youngest son Eric, aged 18, is a private, both in the 18th Battalion, C.M.F.

## WIFE OF EX-P.O.W. KEEN ON C.M.F. TRAINING

Mrs. E. H. Coleman, whose husband, Lieutenant E. H. Coleman, is a platoon commander in the 9th Battalion, C.M.F., says:

"C.M.F. activities do not interfere with our normal home life. My husband, who was a member of the 26th Battalion of the 8th Division in Malaya, was captured and held prisoner in Changi and Burmese prisoner-of-war camps. When he had settled down after coming home, he could see the danger to Australia and decided to again take an active part in the Army. I didn't mind this because I knew he was doing his bit as a citizen, and that he was also playing a part in my protection."



Mrs. E. H. Coleman, 78 Breakfast Creek Road, Newstead, Brisbane.

I think this is a commonsense outlook to take because of our experience in 1939. As a wife, I have not found that C.M.F. activities interfere in any way with normal home life. Every Australian wife can play a big part in her husband's decision on Army service, and I think it is up to us to give our partners a lead in this important matter."

## PROUD HER FIANCÉ IS C.M.F. TRAINEE

Miss Fay Van Tenac, whose fiancé is Sgt. F. W. Dubrich, a veteran of the last war, has this to say about his joining the C.M.F.:

"I don't want to see a war, but at least, if war comes, Frank will be trained. I am proud he is in the C.M.F. Frank is a veteran of the last war and he knows what it means to be an untrained soldier in time of war. Of course, I miss him when he is in camp, but Frank thinks he is doing the right thing and I don't think that I should stand in his way. I know that if war comes I would at least have the satisfaction of knowing that my fiancé has had the military training to protect himself and our future."



Miss Fay Van Tenac, 9th Avenue, Woodville, S.A.

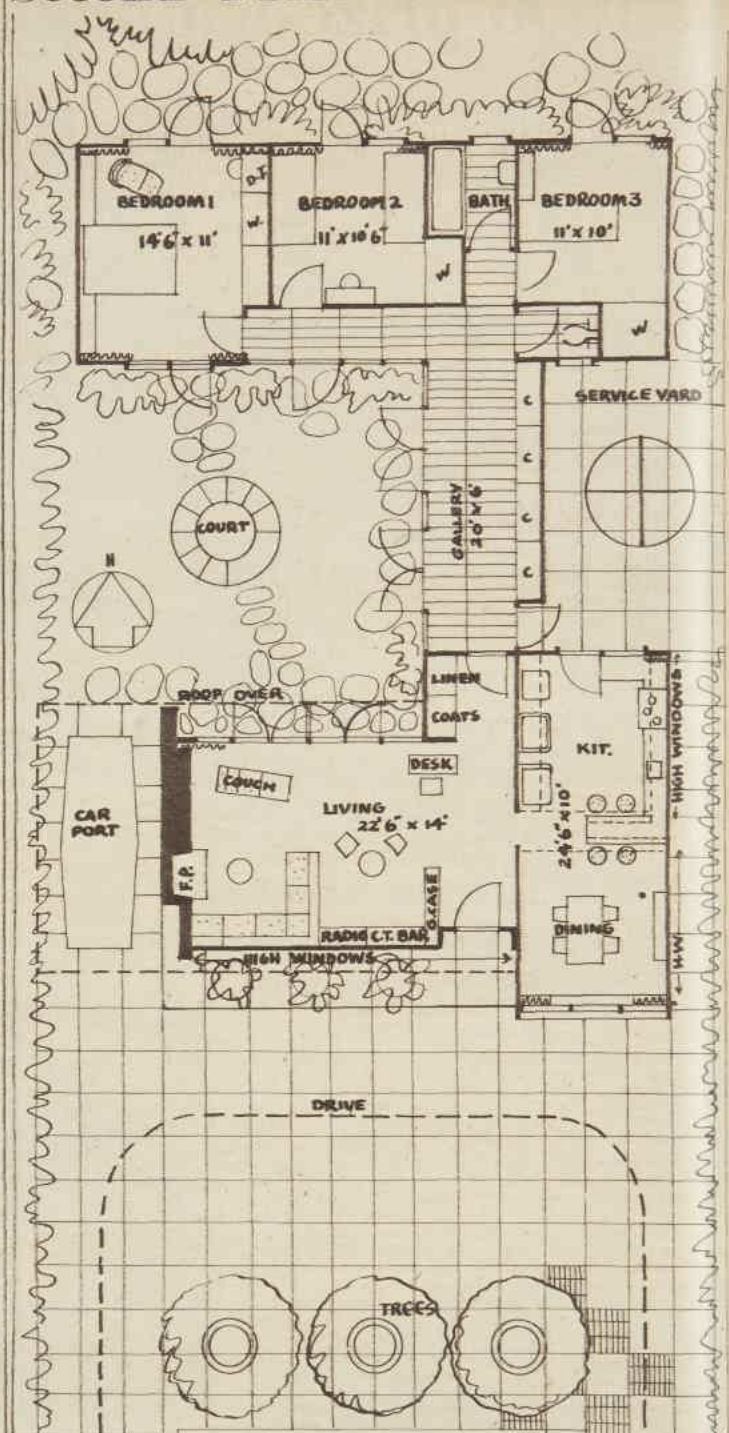
## Most men only need a woman's encouragement to join the C.M.F.

Your son, your husband, your boy friend or fiancé looks to you, as the woman nearest and dearest to him, for help and advice on the big problems of life. Enlistment in the C.M.F. is one of the questions that you can talk over together, face frankly and make a mutual decision. Use your influence, as a woman, to encourage him to train in the C.M.F. to defend you, your home and this wonderful country.

Issued by the Government of the Commonwealth of Australia

WM10,143,31

## Second Prize Ground Plan



COURTYARDS which provide privacy and charming vistas from all rooms are featured in the second prize winning plan, submitted by Mr. and Mrs. D. Lawrence, of South Yarra.

## Novel Approach, say Judges

The judges in our Plan-A-Home contest said that Mr. and Mrs. D. Lawrence, winners of the second prize, had shown originality in their design.

**MR. SAMUEL LIPSON**, architect, who was spokesman for the judges, said that, unlike many entrants who departed from the orthodox, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence kept the entrance to the house at the front.

This made it unnecessary to traverse the building side or to pass windows when ap-

proaching the door. Mr. Lipson said that Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence had planned rooms to take the best advantage of aspect and to provide cross ventilation.

Space and privacy, with the home creating its own views additional to the natural views, were the keynotes of the design, Mr. Lipson said.

Other points from Mr. Lipson's report:

**Living-room:** Main aspect

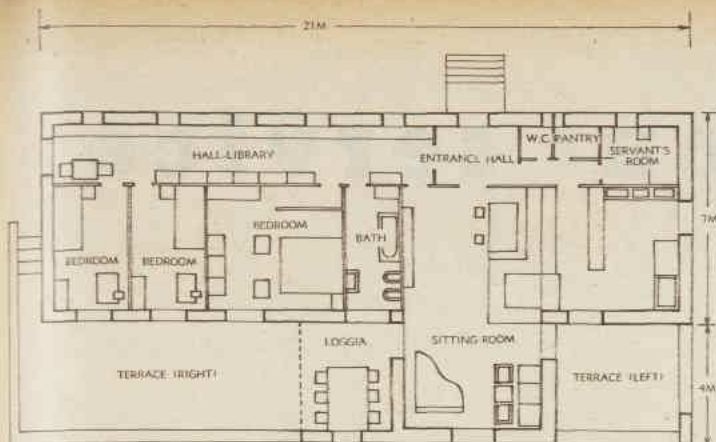
northerly, looking out on to the pleasant internal courtyard. Note clerestory windows on south wall with cross ventilation, and solid stone western wall for protection from westerlies.

**Dining-room:** Outlook to south cool, but clerestory windows on the east wall provide morning sun.

**Kitchen:** North aspect, looking on to courtyard, which will receive morning sun.

**Gallery:** The gallery connecting sleeping and living activities is a very fine feature. This is a multi-purpose area, and can be used as a sun-room, play-room, or sleep-out.





THIS PLAN, forwarded by Mrs. Lenka Domancic-Peric, of Hvar-Dalmacija, Yugoslavia, shows the house she intended building before World War II. This fact probably explains why it includes a servant's bedroom. It was the only plan that did. We have sent a cheque for £5/5/- to Mrs. Domancic-Peric.

## Plan from Yugoslavia

# DREAM HOUSE WILL NEVER BE BUILT

Above you see a plan that symbolises the dreams and the despair of millions of people living in Europe.

It came to us from a Yugoslav woman who had read of our Plan-A-Home Contest in a page of The Australian Women's Weekly sent to her as wrapping round a food parcel from Australia.

THE woman is Mrs. Lenka Domancic-Peric, wife of a Yugoslav university professor.

Her entry, like many others that arrived from overseas, was too late for the competition. But her covering letter was so moving with its overtone of hopelessness that we publish it in full without alteration:

"The copies of your illustration are the greatest joy to me and my family, as also to some friends. Through these pages we know the world is living.

"It would be very fine to win the prize because we are in need of everything. Our country was terribly devastated during the last war—and to-day, after six years of peace, we are worse than in the beginning, as you surely read in the newspapers.

"What some people endured personally, it is impossible to understand, because to know one must learn by himself.

"But it is not the prize which spurs me to write you. Your lines turned my mind toward one epoch of joy which passed away, when we could work, deserve, plan, earn, and be happy. My greatest work was to build a house, to plan it myself, according to my taste and my household experience, with sense of full comfort without luxury.

"My husband is a professor, and I gave some private lessons in piano-harmonica and French. Our income was not especially prodigious for a two-children family's needs, but we economised as well as we

knew, and every month we could save some money.

"After a couple of years we were able to buy a ground in my husband's birthplace, Hvar, on an island in the Adriatic Sea.

"We began to plant the fruit trees and order the garden. In it the same time we built a cistern; after two years we bought the stone. I drew the plan.

"But when we thought to begin our joy-house the world war broke out. I could write many pages to show you our terrible life, but I will shortly say to you:

"The fruit trees were damaged of the bombardment, only an olive tree with his ever-green branches now contrasts with the whiteness of the stones pieces.

### "Sadly hopeless"

"THE iron garland of the cistern shows that somebody once had a nice intention to build a home. And we are sadly hopeless of ever seeing our house ready.

"We lost a daughter tragically during the war, and our son can't give us the certitude of realising our dream. Nowadays the salary is not sufficient for the scarce coupon's food and cloth.

"Perhaps some people there in your country of plenty and improved future will find my house plan nice and comfortable. Why not help them? Why not enjoy oneself with the happiness of others?

"I like very much the sunlight; it is why all the rooms of my house plan look to the south. The hall has high windows framed square with relief stone to look as five landscapes.

"As I look on the wife as the home's queen and the satisfaction of the family, and

being fond of handiwork and music, I provided for all.

"I don't like much the cookery, but I know that a well-prepared meal is a guarantee of contentment. I make so with love for my family.

"My kitchen window looks to the east and still in the morning sun I enjoy my work. The south door is open to the terrace, which covered with vine is a summer dining-room.

"The pantry is near the kitchen, with the window to the north to keep fresh the food.

"The fireplace is on the interior wall to warm better the house, and joined with the dining-room stove saves a chimney.

"The living-room is also the dining-room. Near the stove around is a sofa for winter days; the loggia is for nice winter days in our mild climate, and is used as a work-room.

"The three bedrooms look on the second terrace, a fine place for long summer afternoons and warm moonlight nights.

"The hall is used as a library, with shelves under the landscape windows, and a soft sofa on the opposite side.

"The kitchen is all white with blue ornaments. On the left terrace is a white varnished table with blue, red, green, and yellow chairs around.

"The dining-living room has walnut furniture, with drapery and carpets in Yugoslav national weaving.

"The first bedroom has beech furniture and white embroidery, and the second and third white varnished wood with blue sky and rose embroidery.

"I don't know if my English will be for the print . . .

# KRAFT ANNOUNCES Velveeta

—the exciting NEW Cheese food!



## HERE'S A NEW KIND OF FLAVOUR!

## RICH YET MILD!

Here is an exciting new cheese food. It has a different, more delicious flavour . . . rich, yet mild. And Velveeta s-p-r-e-a-d-s like butter yet slices firmly. Is it any wonder Velveeta has become an overnight success?

**Women are saying:** "Apart from the delicious new flavour, Velveeta is saving me money. Because it spreads—I don't need butter. And Velveeta slices, toasts and melts perfectly."

**Men are saying:** "At last. We've been waiting for this flavour."

**Children are saying:** "More Velveeta, Mummy."

**Doctors are saying:** "Velveeta contains vital food elements. It is as digestible as milk, and quickly builds up children."

Velveeta is NOT an ordinary cheese—Velveeta is a cheese food rich in protein to build firm flesh, and is a good source of Vitamin A and Riboflavin. High in calcium and phosphorus content, it builds strong bones and sound teeth. And—Velveeta is as digestible as milk itself. Here's a valuable food for your entire family. Pasteurised, foil-wrapped and packaged, Velveeta is completely protected. It stays FRESH. Your grocer has Velveeta NOW. Made by Kraft.

"You don't need butter"



"We've been waiting for this flavour."



"More Velveeta, please Mummy."



TRY

# Velveeta TO-DAY!

LOOK FOR THE YELLOW PACKET



# Berger colour service



241 Kooyong Road, Toorak, Vic.

(Natural colour photograph)

Miss Margaret Lord, Berger colour consultant says — "As architecture and furniture design becomes simpler and more standardised so colour in the home grows in importance"

Colour in the home means much more than just an impression on the eyes. Colour correctly applied livens up drab rooms with fresh exciting hues—cold forbidding rooms can be made more cordial and homelike—small cramped ones can be made seem spacious and airy. Colour can make living rooms more friendly, bedrooms more restful, kitchens and laundries more efficient . . . colour can make your entire home more modern and liveable.

# Berger paints

BERGER PAINT KEEPS ON KEEPING ON



Berger Colour Service takes the guesswork out of home decoration.

If you are planning to redecorate your home, using either the services of a qualified master painter, or carrying out the task yourself the Berger Colour Service will assist with colour specifications.

Write to the Berger Colour Service in your State.

Sydney: Box 23, Post Office, Burwood.

Melbourne: Box 1159-K, G.P.O.

Adelaide: Box 800-G, G.P.O.

Brisbane: Private Bag, Post Office, Nundah.

Perth: Box 1205-P, G.P.O.

LEWIS BERGER & SONS (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LTD.



# Beware of the Wolf

● Most girls occasionally have to cope with the problem of wolves on the prowl. The majority of such types can be controlled by the right sort of rebuff, and usually end by thinking all the more of the girl who delivers it.

## LENGTHY KISS

is wolf's delight. A wise girl will limit it, otherwise she'll be in for trouble.



**CHOICE** of secluded spot for a twosome picnic early in acquaintance is wolfish tryout. Let him see that a group picnic appeals to you more.



**JOKES** will grow in crudity unless girls have sufficient poise to show displeasure at first sign of blueness. In long run frowns will earn respect.



**WOLVES BOOKING** would always seat in back row at picture show is typical wolf strategy. Don't be in it.



## GIVE YOURSELF A longer lasting wave with a Richard Hudnut HOME PERM KIT

It's the 22% more effective **WAVING LOTION** that makes all the difference.



Natural-looking curls that spring right back after combing.

No frizzy ends... more natural sheen.



No matter how carefully you roll the curls, your home permanent can be no more effective than the Waving Lotion you use. Only the Richard Hudnut Home Perm Kit gives you a Creme Waving Lotion proved by an independent research organization to make hair springier and stronger after waving. That's why this salon-type luxury wave outlasts all others. Comb it, shampoo it, "ill-treat" it as you will—the curls still spring back with all the life and vigour of a natural wave. Ask to-day for the Richard Hudnut Home Permanent—the only Home Perm Kit which includes a bottle of Creme Rinse—for gleaming, natural sheen right after waving. At all chemists and selected department stores.

In each Kit you get: 1 large bottle Creme Waving Lotion; 1 bottle Creme Rinse (enough for 2 waves); Neutraliser; 40 Plastic Curling Rods in 2 sizes—standard and extra long; generous supply of longer End Papers; Rubber Bands; fully illustrated instruction Book.

**REFILL (USE WITH ANY PLASTIC CURLERS).** Everything you need except Plastic Curlers. If you already own, or can borrow, a set of Curlers, buy this refill and enjoy a Richard Hudnut luxury wave.

## Richard Hudnut home permanent

AS USED IN THE FAMOUS RICHARD HUDNUT FIFTH AVENUE BEAUTY SALON



## LET DOGS DELIGHT TO BARK AND BITE

For 'tis their nature to, But never more I'll do the like, I've better work to do: I've barked all night, from dark till light, Great stride did I endure, But I'll bark no more, for I've been to store.

For Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

## ALL SELF-RAISING FLOUR



RISES TO THE OCCASION — PERFECTLY



# Why wait?

You can **REMODEL**  
or **BUILD** inexpensively...with  
**Building Materials!**



1. Shows how easily you can erect Cane-ite walls and ceilings in new construction. If remodelling, just install Cane-ite right over unsightly cracked walls and ceilings. Versatile Cane-ite comes in structural panels that build, insulate and decorate all at one time, at one low cost. Cane-ite takes any type of decoration.



2. Built-in cupboards, shelves, furniture, wall panelling effects—all so easy today with economical C.S.R. Hardboard. This versatile board is grainless, splinterless—of tremendous strength. Easy to work, beautiful effects obtained even by the inexperienced home-worker. C.S.R. Hardboard is "natural wood made better".



3. 14 lovely colors enable you to choose your own floor design of C.S.R. Floor Tiles. They're practical, too. Easy to clean. Basic colors, which go clear through the tile, retain their newness over years of wear. Cost no more than other types of floor coverings. C.S.R. Floor Tiles are quickly laid by trained applicators on any good floor. For immediate installation phone C.S.R. Building Materials Division for name of your nearest distributor.

Other building materials marketed by  
**THE COLONIAL SUGAR REFINING CO. LTD.,**  
BUILDING MATERIALS DIVISION



**GYPROCK**  
The Fireproof Gypsum Wallboard. In 10 sizes.



**CONCORD and BRUNSWICK PLASTERS**  
Flexibility of both gives finest effects in wall and ceiling design.



**CANE-ITE ACOUSTI-TILE**  
The ceiling unit that absorbs two-thirds of "unwanted" noise.



**LOW DENSITY CANE-ITE**  
For freezing chambers, industrial and domestic refrigeration, roof insulation and air conditioning.



**C.S.R. ASBESTOS SIDINGS**  
For permanent exterior walls. Fireproof, climate proof, vermin proof.



**ASBESTOS CEMENT SHEETS and CORRUGATED ROOFING**

**The Colonial Sugar Refining Co. Ltd.**



**Building Materials Division.**

SYDNEY • MELBOURNE • BRISBANE • ADELAIDE • PERTH



# BIRD OF PARADISE

A POIGNANT love story between a lovely Polynesian girl and a Frenchman who comes to her island home in search of happiness is the central theme of Fox's "Bird of Paradise."

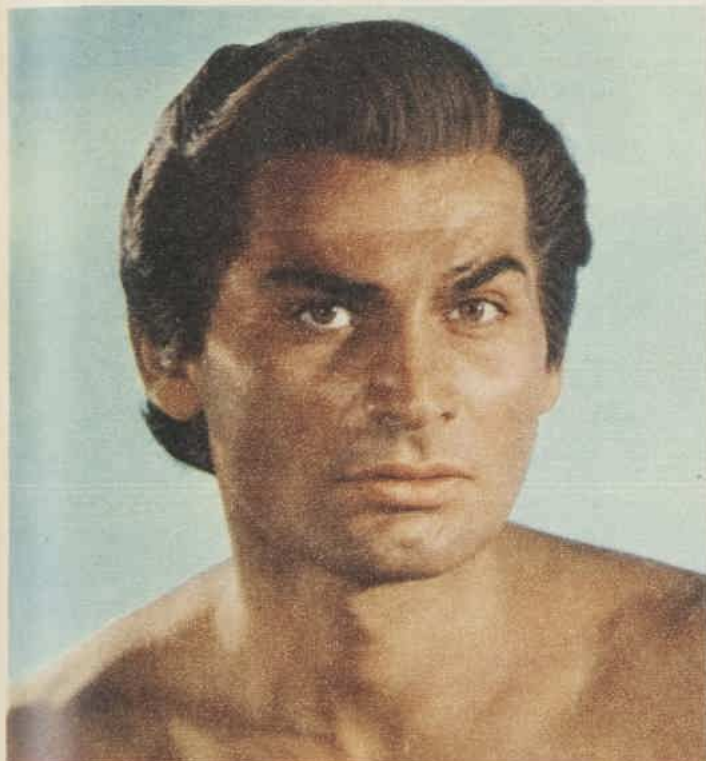
In relating how the man comes to understand and appreciate the customs of the island, the film shows that native beliefs are often imbued with simple and inexplicable truth.

A council meeting is called by the chief when Laurence seeks permission to marry

Kalua. Guided by the appearance of a rainbow, which they believe to be a good omen, they agree to the nuptials.

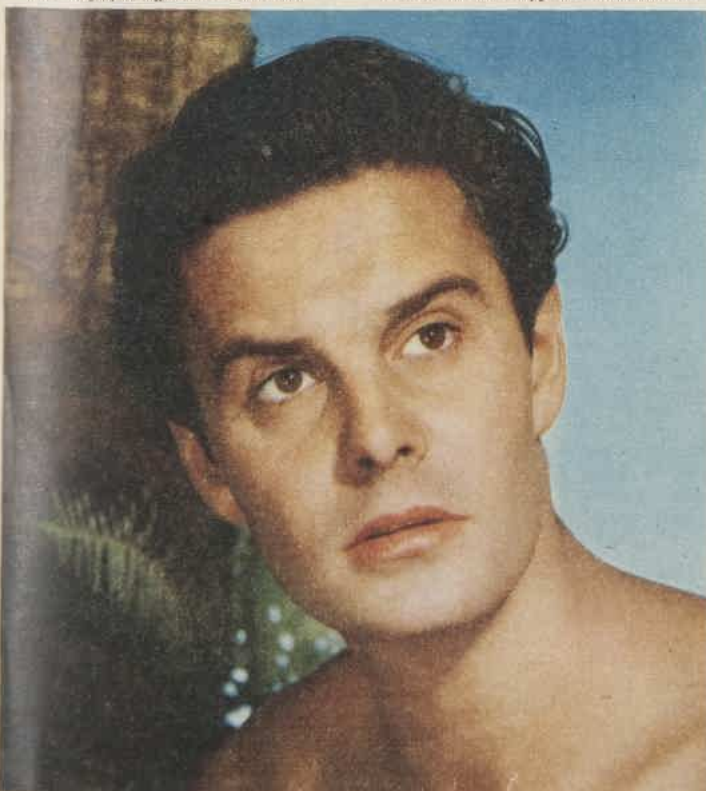
The married life of Kalua and Laurence is blissful but short. A volcano erupts and threatens to destroy the village and an old priest maintains that the gods are angry because a white man is on the island. He says that they can be placated only if Kalua sacrifices herself to the volcano.

Despite the pleas of Laurence, Kalua is calm in her decision to do as the priest says. As she walks into the molten lava the frenzied Laurence is amazed to see the volcano subside.



JEFF CHANDLER (above) as Tenga, the giant Polynesian who befriends Laurence, a stranger on the island. Despite his European education, Tenga chooses the native way of living in the South Seas.

LOUIS JOURDAN (below) has the role of Andre Laurence, the Frenchman. His world-weariness falls away among the simple natives following his marriage to Kalua, but their happiness does not last.



DEBRA PAGET as Kalua, the Polynesian girl known as "the blue-eyed one," who loves and marries the Frenchman Laurence. Their happiness is short-lived, for Kalua's faith holds firm when, as first-born daughter of the chief, she must placate the volcano god.






**They satisfy  
in every way**

**CRAVEN "A"**

*made specially to  
prevent sore throats*

CARRERAS LTD — OVER 150 YEARS REPUTATION FOR QUALITY



*Mist Spun*  
GODDESS OF VICTORY

*Nike*  
NYLONS  
by  
THOMAS S. CUNNINGHAM

Surely something of the swirling  
moorland mist has given the last  
touch of perfection to these exquisite  
full fashioned 51 gauge stockings.  
Gossamer yarn scientifically treated  
and twisted for lasting strength and  
that perfect fit into which go ages of  
experience in the art, so long known  
in Scotland, of creating beautiful  
stockings.

Nike Nylons are available from  
DAVID JONES of SYDNEY — for  
personal shoppers or by Mail —  
or enquiries are invited direct to —

**THOMAS S. CUNNINGHAM**  
KILMARNOCK INDUSTRIAL ESTATE, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND



**1 IMPRISONED** on a robbery conviction, Marie Allen (Eleanor Parker) is told by prison doctor that she is pregnant. Marie's husband, who involved her in hold-up, was killed resisting arrest. Marie, who now regrets lapse, means to start anew after release.



**2 DEPRESSED** after two weeks in the medical isolation ward, Marie is comforted by the kindly prison superintendent, Ruth Benton (Agnes Moorehead).

## PRISON DRAMA ...



**3 MATRON HARPER** (Hope Emerson), a sadistic grafter, persecutes Marie because she has no money to pay bribes.

### CAGED

IN telling the dramatic story of life in a women's prison, Warner's "Caged" exposes brutal penal methods and tells of their effect on prison inmates.

The film points out that blame for this brutality lies, basically, with corrupt administration which allows persons in authority to have freedom in meting out punishment to the prisoners.

"Caged" was written for the screen by Virginia Kellogg, who gained authentic material and mood for the script by spending some months in a women's prison, where she posed as a convict. Jerry Wald produced the film.



**4 FRIENDSHIP** between Marie and fellow-prisoner June (Olive Deering) ends when June suicides. Shocked, Marie gives birth to a premature baby.



**5 JOY** of motherhood is short-lived for Marie, who is forced by law to have her son adopted because there is no one to care for him until her release. Marie is bitter when she parts with her child and she returns to prison life with a new hardness.



**6 AS PUNISHMENT** for hysterical outburst Marie has her hair clipped to the scalp by Matron Harper. Mrs. Benton is appalled on hearing of this brutality.



**7 DISMISSAL** of Matron Harper is sought by Mrs. Benton, but is unsuccessful because she is politically unpopular. Later Harper is murdered by an inmate, who is driven insane by her cruelty.



**8 PAROLE** arranged by Mrs. Benton brings no joy to Marie. Unable to arrange legitimate job, she intends to join crime syndicate to earn a living. As she leaves prison, Mrs. Benton knows she will be back.



Beauty hint to you from two beautiful fashion models

**"Put lovely, gleaming,  
highlights in your hair,**

with **NAPRO'S** amazing Colour Shampoo

### **HI-LITER**

Like lovely Maureen Cooney and Elyane Evrard, thousands of women are thrilled and delighted with Napro 'Hi-Liter' Colour Shampoo. It's amazingly effective! Just one quick shampoo with 'Hi-Liter' and your hair is full of radiant shimmering highlights . . . silky soft . . . aglow with natural sheen and vibrant colour. It gives a glorious range of gleaming golden tints to fair or blonde hair . . . of warm coppery tints to titian, brown or dark brown hair.

#### **QUICK! SIMPLE! EFFECTIVE!**

Napro 'Hi-Liter' Shampoo is neither a dye nor a bleach. It is quick and simple to use (just like an ordinary shampoo!) and economical, too—a bottle will last you months and months.

For hair that is faded in colour . . . for hair that is dull and lacks lustre—or for hair that needs a general "toning up"—use Napro 'Hi-Liter' once a month and be thrilled by the new colour and sparkle of your tresses!



ELYANE EVRARD,  
lovely French model,  
says: "Hi-Liter' keeps  
my hair full of sheen  
and sparkle."



MAUREEN COONEY,  
popular blonde model,  
says: "Napro 'Hi-Liter'  
is part of my regular  
hair beauty care."

# **Napro**

## **HI-LITER**

### **COLOUR SHAMPOO**

**GOLD** for golden gleam . . . **TITIAN** for warm coppery tints . . .

AT HAIRDRESSERS, BEAUTY SALONS, CHEMISTS AND STORES EVERYWHERE

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 21, 1951







Ask your Chemist  
or Store for

**Colinated** FOAM Shampoo

Distributed by CLINTON-WILLIAMS

C.P. 12

## QUICK-EZE

give QUICK RELIEF from

# HEART-BURN

AFTER-MEAL PAIN, INDIGESTION,  
EXCESS STOMACH ACID, DYSPEPSIA

The searing, sour distress called "heart-burn" is another sign of disturbed digestion. Regard it as a warning symptom and stop it with Quick-Eze Antacid Tablets. One or two Quick-Eze dissolved slowly in the mouth will put you right in seconds and help prevent a recurrence.

Easy to Take . . . Inconspicuous



HANDY FOR PURSE!

**HANDY FOR POCKET!** A packet of Quick-Eze carries handy in pocket or handbag; takes up no more room than pen or lipstick. And no mixing or water needed. Just pop one into your mouth as needed.

Prepared to

Approved Pharmaceutical Standards

Quick-Eze is a medicine containing highly effective, quick-acting medicaments, but packed as pleasant-tasting lollies to make them easier and more convenient to take. Quick-Eze are prepared and packed to British Pharmacopoeia Codex Standards.

Be always on guard to stop Digestive Pains

Don't suffer needlessly. Keep a packet of Quick-Eze always handy wherever you go. One or two of these rapid-acting antacid tablets can save you hours of suffering. You can buy them anywhere.

**QUICK-EZE** 6<sup>PER</sup> PKT.  
for INDIGESTION

GR12-82



A CAUTIOUS HANDSHAKE is extended to Jackie, the baby lion, by James Stewart (right) in this picture, which was taken at a recent Hollywood presentation of animal awards. William Demarest tries to laugh the whole thing off, but Jackie is not amused.

## Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

### ★ The Miniver Story

ALL the performers are such nice people that it seems discourteous to register something less than complete success for their efforts in "The Miniver Story."

M.G.M. have gone all out to make this production a worthy sequel to their highly rated "Mrs. Miniver," but the script is a fragile affair that is taxed beyond its strength.

Belonging as it does in the category of tear-jerkers, it is only fair to say that there are moments of tenderness in "The Miniver Story" that are rather charming.

Plans of the Miniver family to enjoy the peace are disturbed by daughter Judy's love affair with Army officer Steve Brunswick (Leo Genn), and inability of husband Clem (Walter Pidgeon) to settle down to civilian life. They are eventually shattered by Kay's revelation that she has less than a year to live.

Kay survives long enough to marry Judy (Cathy O'Donnell) to the son of a local tradesman. It is a suitable match, the young man having been a captain in the war, and speaking with an upper-class accent.

Looking pretty much the same as Mrs. Miniver of memory, Greer Garson seems to me too gracious in manner and speech, too perfect in disciplined courage, too untouchable and starchy-eyed for the average Englishwoman whom she is supposed to portray, even allowing for a touch of Hollywood misconception here and there.

In Sydney—St. James.

### ★ I'll Get By

IF you like a technicolor musical featuring nostalgic music, amiable guest stars, shapely girls, and routine love entanglements, this Fox production will get by.

Umpteenth in the current

spate of stories about song-peddling teams, this one concerns struggling publisher William Spencer (William Lundigan), who forms a partnership with Simple Simon Westerner Freddy Lee (Dennis Day) when they haven't a dollar between them.

The boys promptly fall for the chocolate-box charms of the Martin Sisters, established singers, played by blonde June Haver and brunette Gloria de Haven, who later plug some of their songs successfully.

The course of true love does not run smoothly and it takes World War II to get the quartet together again for a bright finale, and presumably back into the big money.

The goings-on are gay and feckless, Dennis Day sings in a pleasant light tenor voice. Harry James, Dan Dailey, Jeanne Crain, and Victor Mature appear as guests.

In Sydney—Regent.

### ★ Ma and Pa Kettle Back on the Farm

BLOWSY Ma (Marjorie Main) and shiftless Pa Kettle (Percy Kilbride) deal with family troubles in characteristic engaging fashion in this back-to-the-farm episode in their screen existence.

It is no drawback that this film closely follows the Kettle peccadilloes that were amusing in the beginning. In fact, it is probably funnier because it does not strive to twist basic material too much.

Tom and Kim Kettle (Richard Long and Meg Randall) take delivery of a baby boy in early sequences, and shortly afterwards the entire Kettle family is faced with mother-in-law interference.

While this upset is being quelled, what looks like a uranium deposit is found on the Kettle's ramshackle ranch.

As the eccentric Kettles, Marjorie Main and Percy Kilbride hold all the limelight.

In Sydney—Victory.

## MORE SPACE PER PASSENGER



by **Canadian Pacific**

There's room to stretch out at ease in your reclining "Lounge-aire" chair aboard a Canadian Pacific "Empress of the Air". Fully pressurized cabins are specially designed for more space per passenger . . . more travel comfort. Enjoy famous Canadian Pacific service, hospitality and fine food on the "Comfort Cruise" route to Vancouver.



Spend 14 hours at Fiji, then 32 glorious hours in Honolulu. Hotel and meals at no extra cost. From Vancouver, convenient connections speed you across Canada to U.S.A. or the U.K.

\* For further details apply Canadian Pacific Railway Company, or Union Steam Ship Co. (General Agents), 147 George Street, Sydney, and 59 William Street, Melbourne, or any authorised Tourist Agency.

**Canadian Pacific**  
**AIRLINES**

"THE WINGS OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST TRAVEL SYSTEM"  
Canadian Pacific Air Lines Limited—Incorporated in Canada

## A NEW WOMAN AFTER ONLY 10 WEEKS OF KRUSCHEN!

HORRORS OF DAY AND NIGHT  
BOMBING FORGOTTEN

"Miraculous" is how Mrs. Preston, now of Avalon, N.S.W., describes the change in her mental and physical well-being after only ten weeks of taking a tiny daily dose of Kruschen.

READ MRS. PRESTON'S LETTER FOR YOURSELF

"After living in London throughout the war and experiencing the horrors of both day and night bombing raids, which had an adverse effect on my health, there followed six years during which I suffered from mania and acute mental depression. At 31 years of age I felt completely worn out.

About ten weeks ago I began taking a tiny daily dose of Kruschen Salts and the only word which will adequately describe the result is 'miraculous'. I now sleep soundly, eat heartily, and feel wonderfully fit. I would never have believed it possible for my outlook on life to change so completely in so short a time. . . . no more gloom and misery, it will be 'Kruschen-forever!'"



Mrs. Preston finds the joys of living in a caravan at Avalon quite different from wartime London. Yet different, too, thanks to Kruschen.

Kruschen's skilful combination of six natural salts will stimulate liver and kidneys to function properly. Then the "tiny daily dose" of Kruschen will keep you fit and well. Like Mrs. Preston you'll say "Kruschen forever."

### TWO WAYS TO TAKE KRUSCHEN

★ Medicinal Dose for rheumatism, gout, lumbago—a teaspoonful in a glass of hot water, daily. ★ The "Little Daily Dose"—as much as will cover a sip—a tasteless in your morning cup of tea.



**KRUSCHEN**  
**SALTS** Trial Size — 1/8  
Large Economy 3/-  
At Chemists and Stores

The Tonic Effect of Kruschen Keeps Millions of People Fit  
GET THAT FAMOUS KRUSCHEN FEELING!

E. Griffiths Hughes Pty. Ltd., Box 2449, G.P.O., Sydney.

GR 23-12



# The Spanish Gardener

JOSE carried two long bamboo rods and a home-made knapsack upon his shoulder, and wore, besides his big garden boots, an old poncho fashioned of sail-cloth.

He conducted Nicholas along the lane which led to the main road, and when they reached the corner there was a whooping chatter of ancient machinery and the Torrida country bus came in sight.

The bus, which jerked to a halt at Jose's summons, was extremely crowded, but a place was made for them at the back into which they squeezed, amidst much laughter.

The passengers were a gay company. Many were going to visit relatives at the little hill farms—working men in flat hats and stiff black boleros, accompanied by their wives, swathed in innumerable petticoats, with many packages at their feet, bottles of manzanilla wrapped in pink paper, wicker baskets of eggs, ripe apricots and pomegranates.

Others, like Jose, had rods and fishing bags beside them. One, a long lean fellow, eating a sausage with hungry bites, had a gun with a tremendous barrel. An old man with a goatskin of wine was already beginning to make fiesta.

Jose had been recognised at once—received, in fact with general acclaim—and immediately he was the centre of an animated conversation. The prospects for the next pelota game were discussed.

Then the goatskin was passed round, and after that the laughter increased, and many jokes were made.

But the raillery was jovial and good-natured, and the boy who had never been allowed to mix with "common people" could not help reflecting how different it was from what he had believed, how jolly and free.

Continued from page 5

By this time they had left the sandy vineyards and the quiet lowland groves where the olives stood in rows, and were among the wilder stretches of the Torrida foothills.

Slowly, in its lowest gear, the bus began to climb the steeper gradients, passing plodding donkeys jingling with ornament, winding round the shoulders of hills lighted by yellow broom.

Every now and then it stopped to allow some of the passengers to descend at a little wayside farm. Finally, at the next village, opposite the inn, all the others got off, with many hearty farewells, leaving Nicholas and Jose alone.

When the bus restarted Jose gazed directly at his companion and, with a start of intuition, Nicholas sensed that he was about to break the bond of silence between them.

"Nicco," said Jose, nodding reassuringly as the boy drew back. "Yes . . . I am speaking to you. Not to do so would be childish. And dangerous too. We are going to the river. I must tell you what to do. But you . . . you need not speak a word."

"I will speak, Jose." The words came tumbling hotly out. "If you speak, I will."

"Well, then," said Jose, with a deepening of his gentle smile, "We shall be like men and not like timid children. Also we shall enjoy ourselves much better. Come, now, this is where we descend."

They left the bus, waving good-bye to the driver, who shouted, "Good luck!" Then, as the vehicle lurched away, they turned off the dusty road, and struck through the woods, going downhill through rough grassland where goats were grazing quietly.

All at once they came through this belt into the open, and there, stretching out almost at their feet, was a green valley, with the broad river swirling past an old greystone watermill, and foaming over the dam into a wide pool beyond.

"This is the place," Jose said, in an off-hand voice, yet with secret pride.

"Oh, Jose," Nicholas exclaimed. "It's the nicest place I've ever seen."

The mill, Nicholas could now see, was a ruin, with no roof, beyond a few stark rafters, and a motionless moss-covered wheel. On its steps, Jose laid down his gear and began to thread a light line through each of the bamboos. They were the cheapest kind of rods, with wooden reels, but Jose treated them with loving care.

He said: "Look, Nicco, my friend, you are not yet large enough to throw a fly, so you will fish with bait. See now."

He baited the hook, then led Nicholas a short way out on the stone dam, seated him comfortably, with his legs dangling, threw the leaded line into the pool and gave him the rod.

"There," he said. "If you feel a bite, pull hard."

"You won't go far away?"

"No, no, amigo," Jose pointed to the broken water above the dam. "Only up there."

At first Nicholas sat stiff and tense, holding the rod tight with both hands, his head giddy with the rush of white water over the weir, a little fearful that he might fall in. Gradually, however, a glow of confidence stole over him. How wonderful it was to be treated as a boy, an ordinary boy, and not as a puny, ailing child.

Please turn to page 47

## Worth Reporting

**TEENAGER** Jill Finney, daughter of artist George Finney, of Springwood, N.S.W., writes to tell us of a Tee-na Club which she and some of her schoolmates have formed.

"As there wasn't much for us to do during the week-ends," says Jill, "we thought we'd form the club, as we are all very interested in Tee-na of The Australian Women's Weekly."

"Every Saturday afternoon the club meets at my house and every member pays threepence towards cakes, biscuits, and drinks. Then we sit on the bed in my room like Tee-na and her mates do. We hope to hold dances, form a dramatic group, and would like to know if anyone else has formed a Tee-na Club."

### The egg in research

THE commonplace, if costly, egg has taken on a new importance at Prince Henry Hospital, Sydney, where white-shelled, fertile eggs are being used in research to develop vaccines for poliomyelitis, encephalitis (brain disease), and type A influenza.

The eggs are injected with viruses, incubated for 5 to 11 days according to the virus concerned, then the necessary bodies are extracted for the making of vaccines.

Members of the Breeders and Hatcherymen's Association are donating the eggs while finance comes from the regular Government hospital grant and from a £10,000 bequest made by Sydney bookmaker Mr. A. Browning, now abroad in the Caronia.

### Big prize for fabric design

TO celebrate Australia's Jubilee Year, F. W. Grafton and Co. Ltd. have offered an annual prize of 300 guineas for an original design for a rayon dress fabric, the first of the prizes to be awarded this year.

It is hoped that the Grafton Prize will rank eventually with other annual art prizes. Entry forms are available at art galleries throughout Australia, and must be completed by May 31. Entries are to be delivered by July 14. Any person resident in Australia for 12 months may compete.

### Warm welcome to newcomer

FIRST Australian war bride to live in Owensborough, Kentucky, Mrs. Gordon Heim, formerly June Bebee, of Melbourne, was overwhelmed by the enthusiasm of the reception she was given.

In a letter to her mother, Mrs. Howard Bebee, she said scarcely had they settled in their apartment when phone calls, telegrams, letters, and callers arrived, inviting her to speak at luncheons, join clubs, and appear on radio sessions.

On one occasion she protested that she could not leave her two children, but Owensborough hospitality extended to providing a baby sitter who was guaranteed reliable, "a Methodist grandmother who does not smoke."

**"SITUATION WANTED—** healthy kitten seeks good home. Will do light mouse-work." This sign appeared recently in the window of a New York pet shop, says our New York office.

## My favorite poem

Here is a verse from the favorite poem of Mrs. E. Hudson, Armstrong Ave., Drouin, Vic. Send us your favorite lines—a short poem or an excerpt.

*"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods, There is rapture on the lonely shore, There is society, where none intrudes, By the deep sea, and music in its roar."*

—From "Solitude," by Lord Byron.

## "How doth the little busy bee . . ."

BEE colonies are so highly organised that it would not surprise us if they had their own Workers' Compensation Act, but apparently they haven't because the Department of Agriculture in New South Wales has organised a similar fund from registration fees.

We thought registration of bees, which is compulsory, was just another form of taxation. We were wrong.

If there is an outbreak of American Foul Brood, or any other disease, the bee-keeper is compensated from the fund for losses.

But principal Livestock Officer in the Department of Agriculture, N.S.W., Mr. Goodacre, tells us the bee-keepers are not all happy at present.

Last year's wet weather caused unemployment among normally busy little bees and honey stocks suffered.

A change in overseas markets is causing further trouble. Britain is no longer buying all Australian honey on consignment, so Australian producers now have to compete with other countries on an open market.



Your teeth and mouth are really clean—really healthy with regular, thorough Tek care. Tek is the toothbrush of special shape, individual design and a style for every member of the family.

# Tek

"The Best Toothbrush Money can Buy"



Tek Hard, Medium or Professional



Tek Junior



Tek Double Pack  
"Use Tek for morning, another for night"

PRODUCT OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON . . . WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF SURGICAL DRESSINGS







ALL at once, Nicholas started. His rod, without warning, had come alive, bending and quivering in a lively arc.

"I've got one," He gasped, turning white to the lips. Instinctively, in a flurry of panic, he gazed towards Jose, now with his back turned about a hundred yards away, separated by a roaring wave of water. Impossible to call for help. He must do it all himself.

Desperately, he clung to the rod while the clumsy wooden reel whirled and bumped against his chest. The trout was fighting like mad, tearing about in wild rushes in the foamy cataract, then burrowing deep down towards the sandy bottom.

Suddenly it jumped clean out of the water, landing back with a smack, which brought the boy's heart into his throat. "What a beauty!" he panted to himself. "Oh don't let him get away!"

Carefully, carefully, he began to wind up the reel. The trout was tiring now. Nicholas could see the thick, thrilling curve of its speckled body just beneath the surface. Trembling he got to his feet and stumbled back along the dam to the bank.

Here, winding in still more, he towed the trout towards the shallows, then, with a final convulsive tug, brought it safely to the shingle.

He had done it, he had caught this splendid trout all by himself. His first impulse was to run feverishly to Jose, to tell him the great news. But a new sense of self-mastery withheld him.

Steeling himself, he knelt and unhooked the trout, stilling it with a hard bang on the head, then laid it amongst some ferns in the shadow of the mill steps. A moment later he was back on the dam, his line rebaited, waiting.

When Jose came down after one o'clock Nicholas had two more fish neatly placed beside the first, not quite so large, but good trout.

"Look, Jose, look! Aren't they beauties?" he cried. Jose was smiling happily. He had caught four, but he did not make a show of them. He seemed too happy at Nicholas' success. His trousers were wringing wet, and his face was streaked with sweat.

"Now," he smiled, "it is time for us to eat. I hope your appetite is as great as mine."

He sat down on the steps, took some coarse bread, a wedge of cheese wrapped in newspaper, and a raw onion from his knapsack.

Nicholas, recollecting he had eaten no breakfast, suddenly discovered that he was starving. He took his place beside Jose and uncovered the wicker basket.

He was a little ashamed of the spotless white napkin, and all the good things Magdalena had packed for him—hard-boiled eggs and cold chicken, with rolls and butter, fresh

## The Spanish Gardener

fruits, and comb honey—yet he rejoiced that he would be able to offer them to Jose.

At first, however, Jose refused to touch these unusual delicacies, but, seeing the hurt in Nicholas' eyes, he laughed, and gave in, suggesting that they share their food.

Nicholas found the black bread and onion much tastier than he had expected, and he could see, from the manner in which he polished the bone, that Jose enjoyed the chicken.

After their lunch Jose, discerning with a shrewd glance signs of tiredness in the boy's face, suddenly stood up.

"Mustn't forget that you rose very early, amigo. It is time for your siesta."

He cut an armful of soft bracken with his knife, spread this in the shadow of the mill, and covered it with his poncho.

"There," he said. "See if it is comfortable."

Obediently, Nicholas stretched out his limbs, which were stinging and glowing with healthy tiredness. Placing his hands under his head he watched Jose go to the river, wash the plates and cutlery, and replace them in Magdalena's basket. Then he saw him pluck fresh fern and some stalks of wild mint and pack in the trout. Drowsily he closed his eyes.

When Jose came back, Nicholas, flat on his back, was fast asleep. And as he gazed down at him, so fragile and defenceless, Jose, who had meant to take his rod and try the streams below the weir, abruptly changed his mind. Instead, he settled down, silently, on the ground, close to the boy.

Jose's mind, although alert, was not especially subtle; yet he read, clear as day, the evidence that was written upon these nervous features which flickered, even now, in sleep.

The Consul's possessive love, raising an impassable barrier between Nicholas and the world, his dread of illness that, by its fads and fussiness, had reduced the child to a state of chronic invalidism, his morbid jealousy, his stupid pride. . . . Jose instinctively surmised them all, and, with his whole soul, he wished that he might free this unsuspecting victim and restore him, unburdened, to a natural life.

The sun had begun to sink towards the high rim of the hills when Nicholas woke.

"Goodness, I've been asleep," He caught sight of the river and abruptly sat up. "Are we going to fish some more?"

"I think, amigo, that it is time for us to leave."

"Oh, Jose. . . ."

Jose shook his head. "We must go to meet the bus. Wouldn't do to miss it. But don't worry, Nicco. We shall come again."

To come again, here—a radiant satisfaction came into the boy's eyes. He jumped to his feet with a shout.

It was almost nine o'clock when Nicholas approached the

Continued from page 45

Casa Breza, but so high were his spirits he felt quite undaunted by the darkness. The journey in the crowded bus had been hilarious, with much laughter and singing, high-pitched Catalan singing, in which to his own surprise he had actually joined.

He had been praised for his catch, and in general treated like a brave and hardy boy. Flushed with his success, he had refused Jose's offer to get off the bus and escort him to the villa entrance.

He opened the front door—then paused, confronted by the darkness of the hall. Goodness, how dark it was, like a great black cave; Magdalena had forgotten to light the crystal gasolier.

Guided by a glimmer of starlight from behind him, he advanced a few cautious paces. Suddenly a start passed over all his body. In the pantry on the left he heard sounds of a violent argument, a man's voice, dull and thickened, and a woman's, sharp with fear—it was Garcia and Magdalena.

The boy shivered in sharp dismay. He turned cautiously, on tiptoe, trying to avoid the squeaky boards; when, all at once, a gust caught the front door, which still remained half open, and slammed it shut.

PLUNGED into complete darkness, Nicholas stood stock still. Then in a moment a flood of light dazzled his eyes and Garcia came out of the pantry holding up a lamp.

There was a stifled cry, then, still dazzled, Nicholas felt himself caught by the hand and drawn into the pantry, where his dilated pupils focused in blurred fashion on Magdalena, sullen and swollen-eyed, seated at the table, on which stood the remnants of a meal and a bottle of aguardiente, almost empty.

"The little master has returned," Garcia said slowly. "Where has the little master been?"

"Fishing!" Nicholas gasped. "Fishing. . . ." repeated the butler in an indescribable tone. "Then where are the fish?"

Nicholas held out the basket. Garcia took it and with a sudden jerk threw the contents upon the table. Two of the trout shot across and fell upon the floor. The third, the smallest, remained upon the enamelled surface, its spine curled up, looking somehow pitiful and mean.

"Bah!" Garcia sneered. "That is no way to bring me fish. . . . unclean and unprepared."

Seizing the bread knife from the plate, he struck off the little trout's head with a single stroke.

"No one will treat me like a scullion!" he exclaimed, advancing menacingly towards the boy. Then, as Nicholas recoiled in alarm, he went on,

"Why do you shiver, young master? Because you are surprised to find me here? Don't you know I come and go exactly as I please?"

"Oh, yes. . . . of course," whispered Nicholas.

"It is well that you agree." The butler drew himself up menacingly. "People who are against me, I stamp out like an insect."

Magdalena, rocking herself to and fro, began groaning under her breath: "Be quiet, madman. . . . be quiet. . . ."

Garcia took no notice of her. He was still caressing the handle of the knife. "Like an insect," he repeated. "Some day I am going to tell you of all the things I have done. I promised you before. . . . perhaps you have forgotten. Never mind. The day will come when you will believe me. I can teach you the great mystery. The joy of forgetfulness. . . . the sea of oblivion. . . . those tremendous voices. . . ."

"Be silent!" Magdalena shouted hoarsely. "You crazy, drunken devil. . . ."

Garcia turned towards her, and, as she made to rise, he struck her in the face with his left hand.

It was not a hard blow, but the shock of it seemed to liberate the boy's paralysed muscles. With a cry which was lost in Magdalena's wailing, he spun round and stumbled from the pantry and upstairs to his room.

Trembling, he locked both the doors, then stood in the darkness, in the centre of the room. He was afraid to light the gas. He wanted only to hide. Kicking off his shoes, he crept towards the bed, and, still wearing his clothes, buried himself beneath the blankets.

That endless night, would he ever forget it? The lamentations of Magdalena, ascending from below, the shouting, bursts of louder quarrelling, the smash of a breaking bottle, laughter, unbelievable laughter, the sounds of further blows. And then the silence, worse than any tumult, the silence suffused by the anguish of uncertainty, of imagined and unidentifiable movements.

What, oh, what was that? Was he dreaming or awake? Had he really locked the door?

Towards dawn, he may have dozed a little. When consciousness returned he lay on his side, listening again. Not a sound, not a movement stirring in the house.

He found courage to get up, to open a shutter. And there—oh, relief unbelievable—he saw Jose in the garden, hoeing the petunia bed in the golden light of another day.

There was no need to dress. Unlocking the door, he flew downstairs, rushed out along the gravel path.

"Oh, Jose. . . ." Gradually, brokenly, he told what had happened.

Seated on the wheelbarrow, Jose heard him without a word, not looking at him except for a few swift, half-frowning

Beauty in brief:

## Wisp of a waist

By CAROLYN EARLE

● The waistline is the centre of interest in every type of figure. If you are in the vicinity of five feet six inches in height, you should aim for a 25-inch waist span.

A SMALL woman will measure about two inches less than this, and the big woman possibly two to three inches more.

The tape measure is a handy item to have around as a constant check on inches, just as a few good exercises will help achieve attractive proportions.

To reduce a spare tyre try this. Stand with feet apart and bend sideways from the hips alternately to the left and right, and sliding the hands as far down the sides of the legs as they will go.

Especially when muscles are stiff, the tendency is to lean forward slightly, but to do so breaks down the efficiency of the movement.

Repeat twelve times each side.

Kneading the flesh and brisk slapping will also help reduce a waist bulge or other spread spots.

glances. When Nicholas had finished, he seemed to ponder for a moment, then he stood up. Through his assumed cheerfulness a harder maturity had settled upon his face.

"You must have some food, Nicco. Wait here while I see about it."

He walked slowly but resolutely past the bushes to the back door; then, after only a brief interval, he returned.

"Magdalena has made your breakfast, amigo. Do not worry about Garcia. He is still asleep." He paused. "I shall be near."

For no one but Jose would Nicholas have re-entered the house. He obeyed without a word. In the dining-room Magdalena gave him breakfast, which was as usual, except that the toast was burnt.

Please turn to page 52

## Doctors Prove Palmolive Soap

can bring YOU . . .

a lovelier complexion

in 14 days!



You too CAN LOOK FOR THESE COMPLEXION IMPROVEMENTS IN 14 DAYS

- ♥ Fresher, brighter complexion!
- ♥ Less oiliness!
- ♥ Added softness and smoothness!
- ♥ Fewer tiny blemishes—incipient blackheads!
- ♥ Complexion clearer, more radiant!

Not just a promise but a proved plan!

THIS IS ALL YOU DO:

Wash your face with Palmolive soap. Then, for 60 seconds, massage your clean face with Palmolive's soft, lovely lather. Rinse! Do this twice a day for 14 days. This cleansing massage will bring your skin Palmolive's full beautifying effect. Begin it to-day!

Regular size, 5d.

Economy Bath Size, 7½d.



## Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM



NEXT TO YOURSELF YOU'LL LOVE



AT ALL GOOD STORES

**Patolaine**  
LINGERIE OF REFINEMENT

WITH THE P.L.B. SHIELD GUARANTEE OF QUALITY

Here's a lacy, slim-fitting nightgown from the glamorous range of Patolaine fine lingerie that's waiting for you at your favourite store.



DISTRIBUTED AND GUARANTEED BY PATERSON, LAING & BRUCE, LTD.

## Quick way to relieve "SLUGGISH" LIVER restore REGULAR HABITS

When constipation, tired feeling, indigestion make life a misery, or when your mirror shows your complexion sallow and spotty — often "sluggish" liver is the cause.

Aid the correction of this faulty liver function by taking Chamberlain's Tablets. They help stimulate the flow of liver bile to the intestines, establish regularity and aid in restoring a sound digestion and in clearing the skin.

Prove this for yourself by taking Chamberlain's Tablets to-night — non-habit-forming, not harsh — just pleasant, natural relief.

Sold everywhere — 2/3; family size, 4/6.



Chamberlain's Tablets give the liver a gentle nudge — get a working action again.



**CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLETS**

A GENTLE, EFFECTIVE LAXATIVE

## Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and  
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, with lovely  
PRINCESS NARDA: Farewell  
DUCHESS NATALIE: When she leaves for Fern, whose  
KING FERRAND: Has a son,  
PRINCE RANDOLPH: Who

never smiles. Natalie, who loves Ferrand, asks Mandrake's help, and when he agrees an officer is sent to judge Mandrake's capabilities, but is soon convinced. Mandrake flies to Fern and meets the King. NOW READ ON:



**EVEN BLINDFOLD**  
you can pick these delicious flavours!



**KRAFT MEAT PASTES - WITH THAT TASTIER FLAVOUR!**

1. Chicken & Ham
2. Turkey & Tongue
3. Hamette
4. Ham & Tongue
5. Devilled Ham
6. Ham Paste

**And-**



**KRAFT FISH PASTES - IN A WIDE VARIETY OF SEA FOOD FLAVOURS!**

These same delicious Kraft Fish Pastes are also available in 1 oz. tins. The Meat Pastes also come in 1 1/2 oz. tins under the famous Red Feather label.

**KRAFT DELICIOUS PASTES**

CHEMISTS RECOMMEND

**portex Plastic Skin**

for SUNBURNED LIPS

Chapped or Sore Lips, and All Minor Skin Injuries.

Made in England by Portland Plastics Ltd.



Sparkling **COLOR**... for Keeps

with

**DYNAMEL**



On furniture and woodwork, on almost any paintable surface, in the nursery . . . the kitchen . . . or any other room in the house, lovely Dynamel colors give the finish you've longed for.

Dynamel is hard wearing! Washable! Better than Enamel—so quick and easy to apply. Anyone can do a good job with Dynamel.

... it's **TAUBMANS**

**SOLPAH**—Long-life gloss color for all floors, lino and cement paths.

**SILVAFROS**—Extra brilliant silver coating for all metals—prevents rust—resists heat.

**BUTEN**—Enamelled colors for distinctive exterior painting. Combines outstanding durability, color permanency and long range gloss finish.





## TWO GENERATIONS OF LOVELY WOMEN

use

## MERCOLIZED WAX . . .

This is what Mercolized Wax—the improvement on face cream—does for your skin:—

- + Corrects blemishes
- + Clears and softens
- + Gives a "petal-smooth" finish
- + Stimulates—Nourishes—Purifies

MERCOLIZED WAX will work for your skin every minute of the day and night. Use just a little, under your make-up. At night-time massage in, using an upward motion. MERCOLIZED WAX will give you that natural, radiant, youthful look.

From your Chemist or Department Store

A DEARBORN QUALITY PRODUCT  
LONDON • SYDNEY • CHICAGO • BUENOS AIRES



Bring style to your table with the sparkling elegance of beautiful STUART CRYSTAL. If you love fine things, you will appreciate the gracious dignity of design, the incomparable purity and lustre that has made Stuart Crystal a world favourite. Every piece is hand-cut and carries the famous Stuart signature.

### TOMORROW'S CHAMPION

"DON'T CRACK UP  
BECAUSE YOU'RE  
THIRSTY. CHEW JUICY  
FRUIT AND KEEP  
GOING FLAT-OUT!"

Champions at every sport chew Juicy Fruit. Helps keep your mouth cool and moist. Refreshes you.



A14



**ARIES** (March 21 to April 20): The spotlight is now turned from personal affairs to those surrounding money, assets, and how to increase your income. You will get plenty of ideas, but avoid hastiness between April 18 and 20.

**TAURUS** (April 21 to May 20): New enthusiasm and sudden events make Wednesday to Friday your most interesting time this week. In fact, you may look forward to a more progressive cycle generally for your birthday month.

**GEMINI** (May 21 to June 21): Friends and outings are well aspected over the next few days—so hurry with your most important plans. You may have some more serious jobs in the near future. Right now is the time for fun.

**CANCER** (June 22 to July 23): Original ideas call for quick action before April 21. You should now be able to finalise some plans relating to career and business affairs with speedy and satisfying results.

**LEO** (July 24 to August 23): A few days are left to put the finishing touches to efforts of the past three weeks, and with aspirations quickening you enter a cycle where destiny will give far greater

## As I read the Stars

By

WYNNE TURNER

opportunities for success than hitherto.

**VIRGO** (August 24 to September 23): Your most active days are April 18, 19, and 20, with new plans likely to move you away from usual routine. Get busy with all progressive ideas—they promise good omens for the future.

**LIBRA** (September 24 to October 23): A slight uplift is possible before the week-end. Gifts, money gains, or investments could bring a surprise. A good time to adjust finance or any outstanding debts. It is well to remember Polonius' advice, "Neither a borrower or a lender be." This is sound counsel.

**SCORPIO** (October 24 to November 23): A surprise or two may color this week with sudden decisions or activity called for between April 18 and 21. Co-workers or partners' affairs seem to be important just now.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 23 to December 22): A spirit of adventure or speculation could pep up your affairs until Saturday—so make the most of all pleasures. Next week calls for a more serious note, with work needing attention.

**CAPRICORN** (December 23 to January 20): Wednesday starts a good week to attend to matters regarding your home, family, property, or housing. Speculative instincts are good and removals advantageous. Remember, though, that the housing problem to-day is still unsolved.

**AQUARIUS** (January 21 to February 19): A feeling of renewed energy should help you to grapple with your problems effectively this week. Some invitation or desirable change in environment is quite on the cards. A change has always been as good as a holiday.

**PISCES** (February 20 to March 20): Business and financial affairs seem keener from April 18. Original ideas could open some new avenues whereby some quick returns are made possible. Get busy right now. There is no time like the present, and the race is to the swift.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.]

For  
**Skin Irritations  
and sores**

USE

**Vaseline**  
PETROLEUM JELLY

Pure, safe

**Vaseline**  
PETROLEUM JELLY

Remember, there is only ONE "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly—as one pictured above. This is the scientifically refined and purified Petroleum Jelly—which never varies in odour, colour and purity. Be certain you get safe, pure "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly. Always ask for it by its full name. Keep it in your house for all daily uses.

At all chemists and stores.  
"Vaseline" is the Registered Trade Mark of Chesebrough Mfg. Co. U.S.A.

## Eve Turns Over a New Leaf

Balmain, famous French designer, has hit the Parisian headlines with a swim suit that traces directly to Eve. Bra-top and trunk are composed entirely of vine leaves, a fashion at once intriguing, breathtaking and beautiful. But, these leaves with a difference. Realistically made of plastic, they enable the modern Eve to sit in and out of the water with perfect confidence. Those who have seen this attractive beach style state that, for sheer dramatic impact, it is mild compared with the more revealing but now out-moded "Bikini" swim suit which, it will be remembered, was banned from Australian beaches.

People of taste, however, prefer a little mildness to something more bizarre and extreme. This is why Black & White Cigarettes are so consistently appreciated. When other cigarettes leave your throat husky and tired, it's time to change to Black & White. Containing only the finest, vintage tobacco leaf, Black & White are specially blended for those who enjoy a mild cigarette.

## Eczema Itch Dispelled

Your skin has nearly 50 million tiny seams and pores where germs hide and cause terrible itching, crusting, peeling, burning, acne, ringworm, psoriasis, blackheads, pimples, foot itch and other blemishes. Ordinary ointments give only temporary relief because they do not kill the germ cause. The new discovery, Nixoderm, kills the germ quickly and is guaranteed to give you a soft, clear, attractive, smooth skin. Money back on return of empty package. Get guaranteed Nixoderm from your chemist or store to-day and attack the real cause of many skin troubles. The guarantee protects you.

## Nixoderm

For Skin Sores, Pimples and Itch.

A.M.

AUSTRALIA'S LEADING  
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Plenty of fiction, fact,  
sport, a d pictures.  
1/- AT ALL NEWSAGENTS 1/-  
AND BOOKSTALLS.



Always look for the name **MORLEY**

on  
Underwear



*Velnit*

Young folk, too, may share the pleasure of wearing Morley "Velnit" Vests, Pantettes, Briefs and Bloomers . . . preferred by wise mothers everywhere for the comfort, warmth and protection of tiny bodies' against Wint'ry weather.

Consistent high quality, perfect fit, soft, snug comfort and longer wearing are the reasons why the demand for Morley Underwear is still in excess of production. Although you may not find it easy to come by, keep on insisting on Morley world-famous Underwear at your favourite Store . . . it's well worth waiting for!



*Velnit*

Morley "Velnit" is an unusually soft, luxurious and warm fabric . . . comforting to delicate skins . . . with an elasticity that trims your silhouette and adds enchantment to your whole ensemble.



*Velnit*

"Velnit" Slips, Vests, Pantettes and Pyjamas of high quality and design, fine workmanship and irreproachable finish are always associated with the name of Morley.



*Velnit*

**MORLEY** Underwear

Morley "Velnit" Nighties, Spencers, Briefs, Bloomers and Canisoles are famous for their style, fit and comfortable long wearing . . . and Morley "Velnit" stands plenty of laundering!

MWU.I.F.P.

MANUFACTURERS OF WORLD-FAMOUS MORLEY UNDERWEAR, LINGERIE AND HALF-HOSE

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 21, 1951

Page 51



# The Spanish Gardener

MAGDALENA paid no heed to Nicholas at all until he had gulped down the last of his milk; then she turned her dull eyes on him. "Garcia meant no harm last night. He had taken too much aguardiente. It will not happen again."

He stared at her in silence. "You are a good boy," she went on. "You will not speak of it to Senor Brande?" "Not unless I have to," he managed to answer. "Very well," she shrugged listlessly. "Now you must go and wash."

All the morning Nicholas stayed near Jose, scarcely talking at all, taking no interest in the work but throwing, from time to time, across his shoulder, a quick and furtive glance towards the pantry window.

At three o'clock the front door opened and Garcia came out on the portico, bareheaded, wearing only a shirt and trousers, his bare feet thrust into rope-soled alpargatas.

Shuffling forward, he placed an arm around one of the columns of the porch, and, supporting himself, drew in short gulps of air. By this time Jose had risen quietly to his feet, and, as Garcia half turned, his gaze fell upon the gardener and Nicholas.

He did not stir, nor did Jose, and while they stood motionless, staring at each other, Nicholas could feel, with a tightening of all his nerves, the silent battle between them.

For at least a minute the duel continued. Not a word was spoken. Then the butler's eyes fell, he muttered something under his breath, then swung off the portico in the direction of the coach-house.

The boy turned quickly, but Jose, if he had been the victor in this contest of wills, showed little evidence of triumph. His forehead was furrowed, more

Continued from page 47

darkly thoughtful than before. Abruptly he demanded: "Will your father return to-day?" "Oh, no. He won't come till to-morrow at the earliest."

"Then do you wish to stay here, in the house, to-night?" "Oh, no, no, Jose."

There was a pause. Jose looked at the ground, then at Nicholas. "It is hard for me, Nicco. I don't like to make trouble for myself. Yet I cannot leave you here."

"Oh, thank you, Jose." But Jose, for once, was not responsive. Indeed, his manner was quite abrupt as he replied: "Enough. No more work for to-day. You are coming home with me."

JOSÉ'S home lay beyond the network of narrow streets which Nicholas had traversed with his father on the way to the pelota court.

As they turned out of an alleyway near the river-front, Jose, his eye caught by the figure of a woman, short and middle-aged, bowed under a large bundle wrapped in a white sheet, just ahead of them, hastened his pace.

"There is my mother, Nicco." He called out. "Maria . . . Maria Santero."

The next minute they caught up with her. Jose took over the bundle of washing, and, speaking rapidly into her ear, set out to explain the situation. Nicholas saw that it was not easy. Across the worn swarthy features there flickered surprise, uncertainty, even fear.

But before anything more could be said they had all turned into a narrow passage and were climbing an endless stone stair between chocolate-colored walls. At the very top Jose opened a narrow door with his free hand.

"Hey, Nicco," he exclaimed

cheerfully. "This is our palace. Only two rooms. But the best view in town."

They entered a queer, low-ceilinged room, a combination of kitchen and parlor, with an iron cooking stove at one end and a faded yellow plush settee at the other. A varnished table laid for supper and chairs of the same light wood crowded together in the centre of the wooden floor.

By the window, on a low stool, a very old man was seated, wearing a round black capillo and knitting with long bone needles while, busy at the stove, stirring a steaming iron pot, stood a dark-eyed girl of about fourteen.

"Pedro . . . and Paquita," Jose explained to Nicholas as he slid the bundle from his shoulder. "Where are the others?"

"Not back from school," Paquita answered, still stirring the pot, her astounded gaze fixed on Nicholas. "You are early."

"Perhaps so," said Jose carelessly.

Maria, the mother, had not taken off her shawl. Nor had she lost her troubled air. She murmured to Jose: "Come, my son, we must speak together."

They went into the other room.

No sooner had they disappeared than Nicholas heard the sound of clattering footsteps on the stairs, then the door opened, and four other little girls, wearing homemade Holland pinafores, burst into the room, each carrying a dog-eared book of tables, a catechism, a small white square of sewing.

Nicholas went hot and cold all over. Not knowing what to say, he frowned at the floor feeling himself turn red.

Surprisingly, the old man saved him. "What is your name, young señor?"

## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

### ACROSS

1. If Buck followed the biblical instruction this iridescent material was surely honored (6, 2, 9).
2. It sounds strange, yet its end is never caused by an enemy but by a mate (2).
3. It takes the cook to measure time, but usually only minutes (4, 2).
4. Instruments for extracting small sample from a cheese (7).
5. Great slaughter consisting mainly of a vehicle and a horse (7).
6. Place for easy divorce about a negation (4).
7. Blackbird for king of fairies well known in Hollywood (5).
8. Penitence to be found on the ground, on trees, and on stones provided they don't move (4).
9. Translation for use of students in which they can sleep (4).
10. Gather harvest with a discolored gear (4).
11. Particled French foot (4).
12. Grew less when sailor consumed (5).
13. Your sweetheart may be expensive, yet you can call him so (4).
14. Such fancies are storied (7).
15. Coat of warehousing is holy or a generation (7).

HOLYROMANEMPIRE  
E E U T I O N  
ANGELIC GAINSAY  
A A E K H S T A  
INTER LOT TWANG  
N E S E C L E O  
O S O H O B A C H E L O R  
I R P P A  
CHAMPION SNOR M  
A C U U S O A  
BACON MOOP WHITE  
I R O A H M D E  
NEUTRON INCENSE  
E S I L A I R  
BODILEJANLIBRARY

Solution to last week's crossword

"Nicholas."

"These are Jose's other sisters. Juana, the youngest, who is seven, the good Luisa, then clever Elena, and finally Bianca, the wicked one."

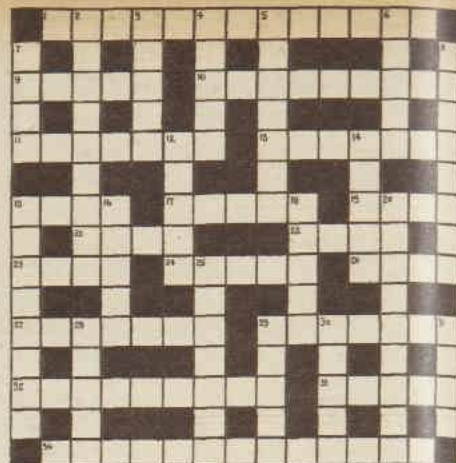
They all crowded round Nicholas without the slightest embarrassment, inspecting him with open curiosity and bombarding him with questions.

"Whence do you come, strange boy?"

"What is the purpose of your visit?"

"Who are you?"

The last interrogation, thrown out by the wicked



Solution will be published next week.

22. Belonging to the joint which starts with skill and ends in Laura when out of joint (9).
23. Shoot of plant for grating (4).
24. Pleasing before strong companions chant at the end (11).

### DOWN

1. I see harm (ANAGRAM) (9).
2. Hurry owns tea without a letter (5).
3. Is still (5).
4. One and one hundred are in the last of series of examinations which is fastidious (7).
5. A kind of lane (5).
6. If you are this and free you are unharmed (4).
7. You find donkeys at the head of an adviser to a judge (8).
8. Cuban negro dance is a spirit graduate (5).
9. It sounds that wanderer is not lunatic (5).
10. Tear a 4th century Christian who denied constancy at the river (6).
11. Class or the German (4).
12. Build upright (5).
13. Working poetical not lined single portion (9).
14. Starts with fright here in trunks (7).
15. Autumn dower as spun by re turned (5).
16. Move up and down in waves (11).
17. Pertile spot ending in a short sister (5).
18. Viscero which you can state in poker when turned (4).

Bianca, seemed most worthy of his notice.

"I am the son of Mr. Harrington Brande . . ." He spoke rather stiffly. "United States Consul in Spain."

"Eh . . . eh!" Luisa exclaimed with awe. "The young señor americano. Son of Jose's master!"

They drew back slightly, in a respectful manner, and began to talk in low voices among themselves. Nicholas' face got redder than ever, for of course they were speaking of him.

However, at that point,

Jose and his mother returned to the living-room and he could see from their faces, though Maria still seemed faintly troubled, that everything was arranged.

"Come now . . . supper for everyone." Maria's embellished expression relaxed further and she smiled at him in a special kind of way. "I hope you like olla podrida, Nicholas."

They sat down at the table and Maria worked slowly round, ladling a portion of stew from the big pot on to everyone's plate.

Please turn to page 53

## GIRLS DYE THEIR TEETH RED!

Do you know?

IN MACASSAR, GLAMOROUS NATIVE GIRLS DYE THEIR TEETH RED FOR EXTRA GLAMOUR. AUSTRALIAN BEAUTIES PREFER KOLYNOS FOR KEEPING THEIR TEETH PEARLY WHITE. KOLYNOS SWEETENS THE BREATH... MAKES YOUR TEETH SPARKLE WITH BRIGHT NEW LUSTRE.

## Over 100-grew new teeth!

LORD BACON HAD POSITIVE PROOF THAT THE COUNTESS OF DESMOND GREW TWO NEW TEETH WHEN SHE WAS OVER 100 YEARS OLD! GUARD YOUR TEETH WITH KOLYNOS. ANTISEPTIC KOLYNOS BUBBLES SURGE INTO THE CREVICES BETWEEN YOUR TEETH LEAVING EACH TOOTH SURGICALLY CLEAN.

## DECAY GERMS destroyed!

TESTS BY FAMOUS NORTH AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN UNIVERSITIES PROVE UP TO 92% OF DENTAL DECAY BACTERIA IN THE MOUTH ARE DESTROYED BY KOLYNOS. THIS EXCLUSIVE KOLYNOS ANTI-DECAY ACTION LASTS FOR HOURS.

## New hankies with what you save!

KOLYNOS GOES TWICE AS FAR AS OTHER TOOTHPASTES BECAUSE IT'S SO CONCENTRATED. YOU CAN CUT YOUR DENTIFRICE BILLS IN HALF BY USING KOLYNOS - SAVE MONEY FOR SPENDING ON OTHER THINGS! HALF AN INCH OF KOLYNOS AFTER MEALS WILL STOP DENTAL DECAY.

## KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM FIGHTS DECAY BETTER... TASTES BETTER... LASTS LONGER



# The Spanish Gardener

JOSE, at the head of the table, cut thick slices of the black bread which Nicholas had tasted at the river—how long ago, how far away that seemed!—then Luisa, "the good one," said grace and everyone began to eat.

There was neither sauce, nor wine, and for butter they used olive oil spread thinly on the dark bread. The meat in the stew was dark and stringy, certainly of the cheapest quality, and not plentiful either, yet it was so savory, mixed with onion and the dark red flakes of pimento, that Nicholas had seldom tasted so good a dish.

Maria, he noticed, took a very modest helping for herself, and Pedro held up his hand lest he be given too much. Only Jose, the real man of the house, was offered a second portion.

Emulating the others, Nicholas used his last crust to polish off his plate; then Paquita rose, took a stone-ware jug from the stove and poured out for each person a scalding cup of coffee.

This shocked Nicholas somewhat, for he knew that such a beverage was not suitable for children. However, he sipped the gritty brew valiantly.

With the coffee, conversation began, and to the consul's son, used to the long sepulchral silences which vibrated across the polished mahogany at home, it seemed quite wonderful that everyone at this table should talk at once. The children, whose meagre little bodies contained a world of animation, recounted their doings at school with flashing, sidelong glances towards the visitor.

At length Jose cried, "Hey! Flock of chattering magpies! What about a hand of estalido? We must show this great americano that we are smarter than he thinks."

Continued from page 52

A chorus of approval greeted this suggestion. Bianca ran to the dresser and brought out a worn pack of cards. The table was quickly cleared, and with the exception of Maria, who said she must sort out and mend some linen, the entire party gave themselves up to the game.

It was a good game which, once Nicholas grasped the simple rules, went faster and faster with a fine slapping-down of cards, squeals of excitement, shouts of laughter.

From outside, through the open window, came the steady hum of the town, the tramp of promenaders by the river, newsboys calling aloud the evening "Gaceta," the rumble of cartwheels, a chime of bells. Lights sprang out below. At the Teatro a sign switched on and off.

This surrounding brightness, the reassuring sense of human life everywhere about him, the friendly gaiety within the room, all had their effect on Nicholas. The nightmare shadows which lay in wait for him retreated until they ceased almost to exist.

How could it be that in this mean dwelling, which bore everywhere the stamp of poverty, after a meal that barely satisfied his need, among these ordinary working people, he was happy and at ease? He did not pause to reason, but, seizing the opportunity, drank deeply of his joy.

His eyes glittered, his laughter rang more shrilly, as he scrambled for the cards.

They played much later than he could have believed, but towards nine o'clock, at the conclusion of a hand, Maria put down her sewing and rose from her seat.

"Perhaps that is the finish?" she suggested mildly. "I think it is time for bed."

Caught unawares, in the

middle of a little shout, Nicholas remained with his mouth wide open, gazing at her foolishly, arrested by an awful, unconsidered difficulty. How should they all sleep in the cramped space of this tiny house? It was impossible.

But already Jose was reassuring him. "Do not worry, Nicco. It is quite easy. See!" Stretching out his arm, he threw open the inner door. "All the women sleep in there."

Staring into the other room Nicholas perceived that it was occupied, almost entirely, by two large brass-mounted beds. Yes, he reflected, still incredulous, it might perhaps be possible.

"But what about us?" he exclaimed suddenly.

Jose pointed to Maria who, behind the stove, had pulled aside a tasselled, cotton curtain, revealing a square recess in the wall occupied by a box bed upon which she was now spreading fresh sheets.

"Pedro and I sleep there," Jose explained easily. "But to-night we shall share it . . . you and me. Pedro will stretch upon the couch . . . won't you, old horse?"

"Without a doubt," said Pedro agreeably. "And with great comfort."

Nicholas drew a sharp breath. He had never slept with anyone in his life, and an extraordinary timidity came over him at the thought.

The five sisters, marshalled by their mother, said good-night to him—each offering her hand and bobbing a formal little curtsy—then went with Maria to the other room.

Maria had laid out for Nicholas a long jacket of a queer shape, lustrous to threadbare whiteness. He undressed slowly and he still lay rigid when, some time later, in the darkness, Jose slipped into the bed beside him.

# Fashion FROCKS



**"LALLY."** A favorite boxy pyjama suit, trimmed with dainty lace edging and tiny buttons. Can also be worn with belted tie at waist. The material is a rayon spun twill, "Sleepy-time," and the color choice includes white, peach, nil, sky-blue, and pink, with a floral design.

**Ready To Wear:** Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 72/9; 36 and 38in. bust, 74/3.

**Cut Out Only:** Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 51/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 54/2.

**"JENNY."** A snug nightgown featuring pretty lace-trimmed yoke and front opening. Full skirt for comfort, and back waist tie. The material is a lovely rayon spun twill, "Sleepy-time," and the color choice includes white, peach, nil, sky-blue, and pink, with a floral design.

**Ready To Wear:** Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 69/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 71/6.

**Cut Out Only:** Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 49/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 51/3.

**NOTE:** Please make a second color choice of "Lally" and "Jenny." No C.O.D. orders accepted.

Send your orders for Fashion Frocks (note prices) to Pattern Department at address given for your State on page 63. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide.

"Are you all right, amigo? Plenty of room?" he murmured.

"Yes," whispered Nicholas. Gradually the boy's body relaxed. The box bed was feathery and snug. He fell softly into sleep.

Much that same time, in a poor hotel in Barcelona, Harrington Brande gave an indolent clerk a telegram to despatch. It was to Garcia, and it read:

Meet me with car San Jorge station early train 7.45 a.m. tomorrow Tuesday.

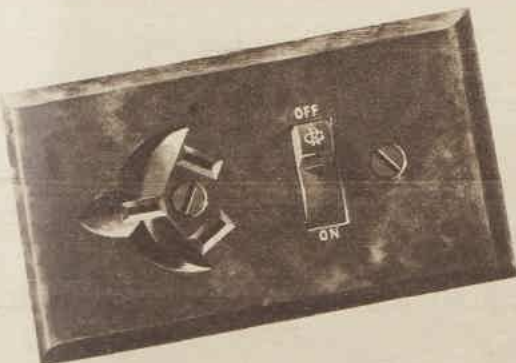
Then, in his bedroom, Brande began to pace up and down, his fists clenched, his eyebrows drawn together in a brooding line, demanding of himself, for the hundredth time, why he had been deceived by the wording of that official letter. It was a natural conclusion that he had drawn, he could not blame himself. And yet . . . how blindly

confident he had been. As he recollected how he had spoken to Decker, to Nicholas, before his departure, how he had built a glittering structure upon hopes which proved purely illusory, a sweat of bitter anguish broke out all over him.

Abruptly, he went to the writing-table, placed several sheets before him on the blotter, seized a pen, and began to write.

To be continued

# ANNOUNCING A REVOLUTIONARY NEW SAFETY POWER POINT



To meet the long felt need for 100% safe power points in the home, Ring-Grip designers have produced the amazing 'Safety 100'. The automatic safety features in this Ring-Grip power point are brought to you FOR THE FIRST TIME ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD.

ASK YOUR ELECTRICIAN FOR A DEMONSTRATION

# RING-GRIP 'SAFETY 100'

A 100% safe power point

Made in Australia by Frederick L. Cook & Williams Pty. Ltd.



IT CAN'T BE TURNED ON IF THE PLUG IS NOT IN.

A tripping mechanism makes it impossible to turn the switch on while the socket is clear.

IT TURNS ITSELF OFF WHEN THE PLUG IS PULLED OUT.

The tripping mechanism automatically throws the switch back to the "off" position if the plug is withdrawn while the switch is still turned on.

THERE IS A STRONG INSULATED SAFETY SHIELD COVERING THE POWER CONTACTS.

Situated behind the coverplate and covering the power contacts, this safety shield can only be completely operated by a standard 3-pin plug.





Pastel  
Tones

BY

**Pelaco**



*"It is indeed a lovely shirt, sir!"*



# ROBINSON'S

## a great name in baby food

The name of Robinson's is so well-known that when it is necessary to choose a food for baby, the first thought of both mothers and nurses is — ROBINSON'S! For generations, the world over, ROBINSON'S has enjoyed a reputation for the best in baby foods!

# ROBINSON'S

## 'PATENT' BARLEY AND 'PATENT' GROATS

## SPOTS AND PIMPLES?

*The famous Klorane said:*  
"All beauty must be organic; it must come from within; all external embellishment represents a species of deformity."

Your skin often acts as a tell-tale of your health—generally a sign of B1 and B2 vitamin deficiency.

Yeaston, a pure active yeast, is one of the richest known forms of vitamins B1 and B2. Two or three concentrated Yeaston tablets taken regularly will soon repair your diet. With your system right, again your health will be mirrored by a clear skin and radiant eyes.

Free active yeast in concentrated tablet form.



In bottles of 36 and 100



ELIZABETH TAYLOR, lovely romantic star of M.G.M.'s "Father's Little Dividend," is probably Hollywood's busiest woman. But, despite her long hours under hot studio lights, she always retains the radiant beauty of her complexion — a LUX complexion. "My active father facial with Lux Toilet Soap gives my skin new loveliness — so quickly!" says Elizabeth. Try this beautiful care!

## Sailor Take Warning

Continued from page 9

JOHN FRANCIS considered the question again and then said, "Of course I'm American. What did you think?"

"I didn't know. It seemed funny you should be living on Aldebaran Island."

"Nothing funny about it at all," John Francis said. He saw no need to mention the bananas he'd planted, the hopes he pinned on the plantation; all this and the bright, unclouded heavens, too.

"Aldebaran's lonely," he said. "But I like it lonely. Also, I like the sun. And I can do without bright lights if I've got the moon."

"The strong, silent type," Natalie Burton said.

"Mmm," John Francis said. He told himself he did not like this girl. Nevertheless, for the two days they'd be thrust together he'd follow a diplomatic policy toward her. As a favor to Anthony Roark.

Anthony had been nice about lending him the money he'd lacked to snap up Bwanga in Nassau eight months ago; and Anthony could call in the notes whenever he felt like it.

But it wasn't going to be easy to maintain this policy of sweetness. John Francis closed his fist on the tiller and his knuckles showed white.

With the wind steady at east-north-east, shoving like a shoulder under Bwanga's trim counter, they ran free toward the west, toward Parrot Cay, six hours' average sail from Aldebaran.

Natalie Burton, propped against a cockpit cushion, looked almost as excited as a diamond heiress with a dime-store bracelet.

If this was all the fun she got from sailing, why had she bothered arranging the trip in the first place?

John Francis didn't know. He shrugged. He rounded Parrot from the south, trimming his sails flat, and with a nice expertness picked the one hole in the reef and got his hook down in four fathoms on hard white sand.

This was the leeward cove called Twenty Turtle Bay, admirably sheltered—a wonderful half-moon of beach under massed and leaning palms, plenty of firewood, even a little spring that bubbled industriously for a month or so after the seasons of rain.

Anthony Roark said you wanted to catch fish. John Francis waved a hand toward the flashing line of barrier

reef. "When? This afternoon?"

"Well—" the girl said. "I think to-morrow."

This enthusiasm, John Francis said to himself, is overwhelming. And aloud: "All right. To-morrow. But you understand we'll have to leave here by noon for the run back to Aldebaran."

"Whatever you say."

"And what about this afternoon? You want to explore the cay? Swim on the beach? Or you could dive on the reef—"

"No, I think I'll have a nap."

We sail thirty-six miles to one of the loveliest coral cays in the West Indies, John Francis said tartly in his mind, so you can have a nap.

He went below to learn what Lucy planned for dinner. "Chicken and rice," she said. "Everything nice."

John Francis liked her. She was lean but she was merry.

Natalie pushed a cushion under her head and stretched out in the shade. She closed her eyes, and her face was composed for sleep—but not quite. A tiny ghost of a frown lay like a shadow on her brow.

Half an hour later John Francis, coming on deck in swim trunks, saw by a sidelong glance that her eyes, motionless and wide, were staring fixedly up at the taut canvas.

She looked as though any sharp word would set her lips like a frightened child's—to trembling. But John Francis, after an instant's hesitation, closed her out of his mind.

This was no business of his. He'd made the suggestions for entertainment, he'd fulfilled his responsibility to Anthony Roark. So he climbed out on the bowsprit and dived, slanting deep down through the pale green water. Then he struck out for shore, swimming fast.

It was good ashore, walking along the beach with the warm sand pushing up between his toes. For a while he chased crabs in the shallows, and later he sat on a rock in the sun.

All this was exciting and good; but when he went back aboard the boat towards five o'clock there was trouble.

Natalie Burton greeted him at the rail. "I think you should move the boat closer to the reef." She made it sound like an order.

"Do you?" John Francis said. "Why?"

"It's calmer there. It would be better for sleeping."

"It looks calmer there," John Francis said patiently. "But it isn't. And even if it were quieter, we'd stay here. I like a lot of room between us and the reef in case we drag anchor."

That was obvious enough, that should have settled it. But the girl looked into John Francis' eyes and the color mounted to her cheeks and she said, "You seem to forget I'm paying for this trip."

"No," he said. "I'm not likely to forget it. But I intend to keep on making the decisions. You can't have two people in charge of one boat."

She interrupted. "You've said that before."

It was astonishing how much bitterness lay in her voice. This was so senseless. It was a matter of nerves, John Francis told himself, of course, plainly a matter of female nerves.

"The boat stays," he said sharply. "Lucy," he called, "how's dinner doing?"

The food was good, and as usual he ate a sound healthy meal. It was when Lucy came on deck with cups and a pot of coffee that John Francis noticed her expression. His eyes caught the suggestion of a wince and her face looked drawn.

"What's the matter, Lucy?" he asked. "Tired? Too hot below?"

She said, "No, sir, it's all right below. Stomach acting up a mite."

"You take it easy," John Francis said. "I'll wash the dishes. You turn in."

He drank three cups of coffee, stacked the dishes and pots in two buckets and rowed ashore.

John Francis scrubbed the dishes with sand and rinsed them in the sea, then he went back and settled down for an early night.

When Natalie Burton touched his shoulder he awoke quickly. She said, "Lucy's ill. I think you ought to do something about it."

"What's the matter with her?"

"She says it's her stomach." He brushed the tangled hair out of his eyes and went rapidly aft. Without thinking about it, he noticed that the wind held steady, east-north-east, that the day promised to be serene. Lucy was in the forward bunk, below.

"Hi," he said. "Old rockin'-ship got you?"

Please turn to page 60

## The new IMPROVED BENDIX gratifies your every wish!



## All the wonderful Bendix features!

- Your hands never touch water
- Gentle tumble action thoroughly cleanses clothes
- Gives three rinses in fresh water
- Damp-dries the clothes
- Cleans itself and shuts itself off

### ALL AUTOMATICALLY

**Plus**

Thermostatic water temperature control

Exclusive water rationer to save water and soap

New "Dyna-surge" Tumble Action for faster and even more thorough cleansing

New stepped-up high-speed spin for better drying

Conveniently placed dials in front of machine to give smooth table-top

Exclusive porthole door can be hinged either left or right, and opens with finger-tip control

Three controls:

- (1) For water temperature
- (2) For water rationing
- (3) For time

Sole Australian Agents:

LEVIN & CO. LTD.

45 King St., Sydney

432 Bourke St., Melbourne

113 Granfell St., Adelaide

Cor. Margaret & Albert St., Brisbane

C/- A. G. Webster & Sons Ltd., Hobart

**BENDIX**  
automatic  
Home Washer

## FAMILY SCRAPBOOK

By DR. ERNEST G. OSBORNE

THE Coxes were flabbergasted. Both of them had gone along to the doctor's rooms with five-years-old Billy.

From past experience they were sure they were in for a big scene. Yelling, screaming, and hitting were just a few of the expected reactions.

But Dr. Arnold was a new man. He suggested that they let him handle Billy.

In a calm, friendly manner he told the youngster exactly what was going to happen, including the fact that it might hurt a little. He let Billy handle the instruments

and even push the flashlight off and on.

Billy made a little fuss, of course. But it was nothing like they had expected. As they talked it over later, they decided he had co-operated because "all the cards were on the table."

He knew what was going to happen. There wasn't anything uncertain about it.

Taking a leaf from the doctor's book, the Coxes have used the "straight from the shoulder" method ever since. Though it hasn't worked perfectly, they have had surprisingly good results.

Indeed, it is true that the straightforward method of



The doctor and patient made friends.

dealing with children in all sorts of situations works better than attempts to conceal, sugar-coat, or otherwise camouflage things that may not be entirely pleasant.

All names mentioned in this series are fictitious.

NO ONE KNOWS BUT *You!*

INJECTO'D HAIR LOOKS SO NATURAL

It's a secret you can keep as your own. For Injecto'd hair has that rich, natural lustre that all admire. Eighteen shades... fast to wind, sun and water... and it takes only a few minutes to do.

**INJECTO**  
RAPID HAIR  
COLOURING

Ask your Chemist or Hairdresser



You'll find plenty of short stories, features, and color pictures in each issue of "A.M." as well as articles of absorbing sporting and general interest.

**A.M.**—AUSTRALIA'S LEADING MONTHLY MAGAZINE  
1/- On sale at all newsagents and bookstalls. 1/-



### VANILLA'N' Strawberries

Make smooth-as-silk Vanilla Mellah according to directions on the packet. Spoon it into individual dishes. Jewel the top with strawberries. (Serve Mellah with fresh, tinned or stewed fruit).

### CARAMEL HALO

Delicious as creamiest butterscotch. Make Caramel Mellah according to simple directions. Pour into glasses. Fluff with a halo of fresh whipped cream. Add a squeeze of passionfruit.

## New Mellah dishes

Fill hot weather wishes!

"SO EASY, TOO," says Betty King



Home Economist for World Brands Pty. Ltd.

THIS SUMMER YOU'LL HEAR THEM CALL, *"More Mellah, Mum!"*

When the temperature's up, the family demands a cold dessert — Mellah dessert. Creamy, cool Mellah is so satisfying — and so easy to make. No need to simmer over a hot stove this summer. Just add milk to Mellah and bring to the boil. Presto! A rich, nourishing Mellah dessert, ready to tempt their appetites. And there's never any trouble from the youngsters when you give them milk the Mellah way! Ample for 4 hearty appetites in every packet. Serve with fruit, or follow the recipes in every packet, and you have enough for 6 or more. Then listen to the excited cries of "More Mellah, Mum!"

### 3 Heavenly Flavours

CHOCOLATE • CARAMEL • VANILLA



Formerly Known as Mello

### CHOCOLATE'N' BANANAS

Thrilling as a royal banquet. Chocolate Mellah, made to directions on the packet. Add sliced bananas to mixture. Pour into bowl or tall glasses. Decorate with spears of banana.

## Mellah Ice Cream

GIVES COOL ZEST TO SUMMERTIME SWEETS

Homemade ice-cream made only as Mellah can make it. Creamy and frosty. Three flavours to choose from — caramel, vanilla, chocolate. Serve alone — with fruit — or with hot Mellah sauce.

**Recipe for Mellah Ice-cream:** 1 pkt. of Mellah (choose your flavour — Chocolate, Caramel or Vanilla), 1 pint milk, 1 tin chilled evaporated milk or 1 pint cream (use cream substitute if you prefer), 4 level tablespoons sugar.

**METHOD**

1. Make the Mellah according to directions on packet, adding the extra sugar to the dry mix. Cool and pour into freezing trays. Freeze.
2. When beginning to set, turn into chilled basin, beater or electric mixer until light and foamy. Pour into trays. Freeze.
3. When setting around the edges, turn into chilled bowl and beat vigorously for about five minutes.
4. Freeze until firm. Decorate with fruit, nuts or cover with hot Mellah sauce.



# Come at 6.30

• Here is a tempting little dinner menu planned for the night when guests are expected. You will be proud of it—and it is easy to serve.

By our Food and Cookery Experts

A PLEASANT mealtime atmosphere, so good for the digestion, is not easily achieved if the hostess is flurried, footsore, and weary from having been overlong in the kitchen.

Easily prepared menus, or those including dishes which may be partly or fully prepared in advance, are the best choice when friends are expected to dine with the family.

It really is worth while sitting down with pencil and paper and planning menus well in advance, even for everyday family meals. This method pays dividends in time and energy saved, waste is avoided because small quantities of food left from one meal may be incorporated in another dish for the day after.

Of course it may not always be possible to keep strictly to the menu planned.

So much depends on what is available on the food market. But variations, in most cases, need only be slight.

All spoon measurements are level.

## MENU

Soused Fish Appetiser

Braised Beef Rolls

Spinach, Carrot and Parsnip Rings,

Potatoes

Baked Tomato Halves

Rhubarb Whip

Coffee

## SOUSED FISH APPETISER

Four small fish fillets (flathead or bream), 1 small onion, 2 or 3 sprigs parsley or mint, 1 cup vinegar, 1 cup water, 3 cloves, 4 peppercorns, 1 teaspoon brown sugar, 1 dessert-spoon finely chopped red or green pepper (may be omitted), salt, baby lettuce leaves, tomato, parsley.

Wash fish well in salted water, dry. Cut each fillet into 4 or 5 pieces, arrange in small ovenware dish. Cover with very thinly sliced onion, add parsley or mint, cloves, and peppercorns. Sprinkle sugar, salt, and red or green pepper over top. Add vinegar and water. Cover with greased paper. Bake in moderate oven until fish is soft, white, and flaky, about 20 minutes. Remove cloves, peppercorns, parsley, and mint. Allow to stay in liquid until quite cold and set. Chill thoroughly. Lift carefully into small dishes lined with lettuce leaves and sliced tomato. Garnish with parsley.

## BRAISED BEEF ROLLS

One and a half to 2 pounds topside or round steak, 1½ cups soft breadcrumbs, 1 dessert-spoon finely chopped onion, pinch herbs and grated lemon rind, 1 teaspoon salt, pepper, 1 rasher chopped bacon, 1 dessert-spoon chopped parsley, 1 egg-yolk, 2 table-spoons fat, 1 table-spoon flour, 2 or 3 slices onion, 1 teaspoon powder-type gravy brown-

ing, 1½ cups water or stock, 2 or 3 table-spoons diced carrot and parsnip.

Wipe and trim steak, cut into pieces about 5 in. square. Put trimmings of steak through mincer, mix with crumbs, chopped onion, herbs, lemon rind, salt, pepper, bacon, and parsley. Bind with egg-yolk. Place a spoonful of seasoning on each square of steak, roll up and secure with coarse thread or fine string. Brown well on all sides in hot fat. Remove, strain off all but 1 table-spoon of the fat. Add onion and brown lightly, add flour and brown a little. Blend gravy brownings with the water, stir in and continue

stirring until boiling. Add carrot and parsnip. Return meat rolls, cover and simmer until tender, about 2 hours, or pressure cook 25 minutes. Lift rolls on to hot dish after removing thread or string. Serve gravy separately.

## RHUBARB WHIP

Two packets red jelly, hot water, 1 cup macaroon crumbs (or stale cake crumbs), 2 cups stewed rhubarb with syrup, 3 table-spoons gelatine, cream, strawberries, and mint leaves to decorate.

Dissolve 1 packet of the jelly crystals in

the usual amount of hot water. Set half of it in base of wetted mould. Mix macaroon crumbs with balance, set in wetted sandwich-tin. Dissolve remaining packet of jelly in 1½ cups water; dissolve gelatine in hot rhubarb. When both mixtures are cooled and beginning to thicken, combine them and beat with rotary beater until thick and creamy. Fill into mould on top of set red jelly. Chill until quite firm. Unmould jellied macaroon crumbs and use as a base for the rhubarb whip when it is turned out of the mould. Decorate with whipped cream, strawberries, and mint leaves.

SOUSED FISH appetiser is a good starter for this attractive dinner menu. Braised beef rolls, served with vegetables, and a delicious jellied sweet-rhubarb whip—complete the meal. Coffee may be served at the table or later in the lounge.





it's a dream ... it's

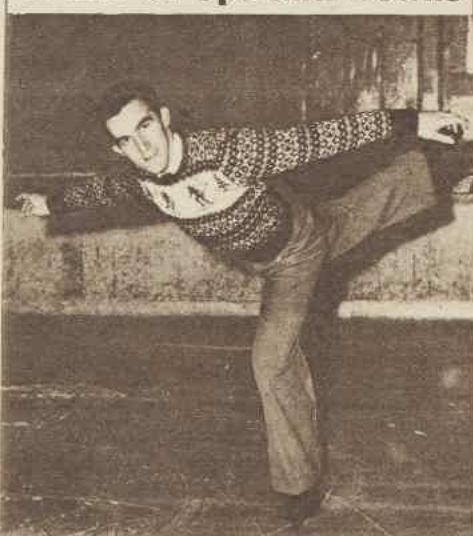
**HARELLA**

Sole Agents for Australia:

English Agencies, Bathurst House, 209a Castlereagh Street,  
Sydney, New South Wales

THE CLASSIC LINE with just enough fashion interest makes this Harella suit a winner. Note the new low-buttoning, double-breasted jacket, big flapped pockets, and pencil-skirt. Of course, that air of impeccable tailoring is typically Harella. It's made in fine tweed, in several colours.

## A Life of Ups and Downs



Up and down the ice at St. Moritz, Melbourne, glides popular instructor Bill Hinchey, teaching youngsters the technique that made him Australian paired skating Champion of 1948. "A cold job? I've never had time to find out," smiles Bill, "but it's a bit tiring, I'll give you that. Try propping up a class of beginners every night if you like hard exercise. Luckily, the refreshment counter makes a 'special' of hot Bonox. I find it keeps energy up, and fatigue away." Take Bill's tip this winter. Any time cold or weariness threatens, drink a marrow-warming cup of delicious beef-rich Bonox and keep your head above the 'flu line. That's the stuff to give you a 1-1-1-1!

KR12



A RICH decorative sweet such as butterscotch pineapple parfait is the perfect choice for sustaining appetite interest to the conclusion of a meal. See the £5 prize recipe on this page.

## Parfait tops our prize list

A special-occasions parfait wins this week's main prize for a Queensland reader.

THE flavor of pineapple butterscotch parfait is rich. Small helpings are advised with either plain ice-cream or sponge cake.

All spoon measurements are level in these recipes.

### PINEAPPLE BUTTER-SCOTCH PARFAIT

Quarter cup white sugar, ¼ cup brown sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 3 tablespoons water, 1 egg-white, ¼ pint cream, ¼ cup drained crushed pineapple (tinned or home cooked), 1 teaspoon gelatine.

Place white sugar, brown sugar, butter, and 2 tablespoons of the water in saucepan. Bring slowly to boiling point, simmer until soft ball degree (when a little dropped in cold water can be moulded to form a soft ball). Beat egg-white, gradually pour in syrup, mix lightly. Allow to cool, chill. Fold in whipped cream, pineapple, and gelatine which has been dissolved in the remaining 1 tablespoon of water. Beat thoroughly, fill into refrigerator trays or place in shallow dish on block of ice in ice chest. Chill at least 2 hours. Decorate with cherries or strawberries and nuts.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. V. W. Johnson, 17 Coonarm St., Coorparoo, Brisbane.

### CHUTNEY CHEESE SCONES

Two cups self-raising flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 dessertspoon shortening, ¼ cup milk, 2 to 3 tablespoons chutney, 2 to 3

tablespoons grated cheese, 1 tablespoon melted butter, cayenne pepper.

Sift flour and salt, rub in shortening, mix to soft dough with milk. Knead lightly on floured board, roll to ½ in. thickness, cut into 3 in. circles. Place ½ teaspoonful chutney on each circle, glaze edges lightly, and fold over. Glaze tops with melted butter, sprinkle with grated cheese, season with cayenne or paprika. Bake in hot oven (450deg. F. gas, 500deg. F. electric) 15 to 17 minutes.

Consolation Prize of £1 to

Mrs. M. McDonald, 531 Sydney Rd., Brunswick, N10, Vic.

### RICE CREAM SOUP

Half pound fillet of veal, 1½ pints milk, 1 small onion, 2 tablespoons rice, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, salt, pepper.

Cut meat into small pieces, place in saucepan with onion, milk, well-washed rice, lemon rind, salt and pepper to taste. Bring to boiling point, simmer 1½ hours. Strain through a fine strainer, correct seasoning. Reheat, serve piping hot with triangles of toast and garnish of parsley.

Consolation Prize of £1 to I. Marsh, 105 Darley Rd., Randwick, N.S.W.

## Pond adds charm to garden

A PICTURE of the garden surrounding the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. Fricke, 375 Warrigal Road, Burwood, Melbourne, wins this week's prize of £2/2/- in our garden picture contest.

When Mr. and Mrs. Fricke's house was built 10 years ago it drained all their resources, so they designed and laid out the garden themselves.

As the house faces a busy road, they made part of the front garden private by planting tall shrubs. With the house built 60 feet back from the road, this gave them room for silver and purple birches,

Roman cypresses, a lemon-scented gum, scarlet oak, golden ash, silver maple, and a rowan.

Lasiandras, white cherries, flowering plums, and crab apples made a varied background for roses, azaleas, andromedas, and japonicas.

The paths are all of broken concrete with grass growing between. The cement sundial was home-made, as was a curled dragon that squirts water into the pond.

The walls of the two-story house are covered with climbing roses, and the low fence with sarsaparilla, pink clematis, wistaria, and bignonia.

Pictures of the final prize-winning garden in this contest will be published next week.



THE POOL in this prize garden is less than 20 feet from a busy road. Mr. and Mrs. Fricke, owners of the garden, ensured privacy by using shrubs and trees to charming effect.



**93%**  
had **BAD TEETH**

Last year an examination by dentists of 75,000 Australian children, between 6 and 9 years, showed that 93% of them had some unsound teeth.

Though only a dentist can remove dental trouble, Pyrex used daily will help to prevent it. Pyrex Tooth Powder is ideal for young children. It will keep their teeth gleaming white, protect the gums, and is the perfect dental hygiene.

Protect your children's teeth and gums (and your own) with



**PYREX**  
Antiseptic  
PEROXIDE TOOTH POWDER  
2/- per bottle

## New Asthma and Bronchitis Discovery

Choking, gasping, wheezing Asthma and Bronchitis poison your system, sap your energy, ruin your health and weaken your heart. Right away Mendaco—the famous scientific prescription—circulates through the blood, quickly relieving the attacks. The very first day the strangling congestion is dissolved, thus giving free, easy breathing and restful sleep. No drugs, no smokes, no injections, just pleasant, tasteless Mendaco tablets of meals and be entirely relieved from Asthma and Bronchitis in next 24 hours and to completely arrest the Asthma in 8 days or money back on return of empty package. Get Mendaco from your chemist. The guarantee protects you. **Mendaco** Arrests Asthma & Bronchitis & Hay Fever

## Recipe to Darken Grey Hair

A Sydney Hairdresser Tells Home Remedy for Grey Hair

Mr. Len Jeffrey, of Waverley, who has been a hairdresser for more than fifteen years, recently made the following statement:—"Anyone can use this simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair and make it soft and glossy. Just go to your chemist and ask him for Orlex Compound. He will mix it up for you according to the directions he has. Apply the Orlex Compound to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This should make a grey-haired person appear 10 to 20 years younger at very little cost. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off.

Welcomed by

women everywhere...  
The NEW comfort, safety  
and protection  
of

**Camelia**  
SANITARY NAPKINS



Special offer to users of Bournville Cocoa!

# 32 PAGE COOK BOOK

Just published!  
the latest and best book  
on chocolate cookery!

Published to sell at 1/6

**YOURS FOR ONLY 9d**

**CHOCOLATE COOKERY  
WITH BOURNVILLE COCOA**  
by *Cadbury's*

For the first time in 20 years here's an up-to-the-minute recipe book specialising in chocolate cookery. Produced to sell at 1/6, worth twice as much to you, this exciting cook book is offered to users of Bournville Cocoa for only 9d. It contains a wealth of wonderful recipes — old favourites, new ideas in chocolate cookery, cakes and puddings, sauces, trifles and sweets that you'll love to make . . . be proud to serve to family and friends. The Bournville Cocoa Chocolate Cook Book is fully illustrated. A large number of the illustrations are in rich, full colour to show just how tempting and delicious your chocolate cakes and dishes will look. Also included are 2 pages of useful rules for cake making, interesting facts about the food and nutritive value of cocoa in cooking, and suggestions for delicious chocolate drinks.



**Dozens of Recipes**

that will make you an expert in chocolate cookery. All are simple to make, economical, wholesome and delicious. Recipes are clearly set out, with easy-to-follow directions. The book is a compact size for kitchen use.

**8 Sections**

Plain Cakes . . . Butter Cream Cakes . . . Small Cakes and Fancy Party Cakes . . . Special Party Cakes . . . Icings and Fillings . . . Puddings and Sauces . . . Children's Cookery . . . Sweets and Trifles.

**Special children's cooking section**

Children love cooking. They find it exciting and satisfying to make something with their own hands — and it keeps them out of mischief. In the Bournville Chocolate Cook Book there's a special section of selected, simple recipes they'll love to make and love to eat. All the recipes are wholesome and delicious.

**All you have to do!**

Fill in and send this coupon together with 9d. in stamps. This includes 3d. to cover cost of packing and postage. This coupon will be the actual label used to send your book, so write clearly, and send now.

**Clip and post this coupon NOW**  
and make sure of your copy

**"CHOCOLATE COOKERY WITH BOURNVILLE COCOA"**

To Dept. D, Cadbury-Fry-Pascall Pty. Ltd.,  
Claremont, Tasmania.

I enclose 9d. in stamps, which includes 3d. for postage and packing, for my copy of "Chocolate Cookery With Bournville Cocoa."

NAME

(PLEASE PRINT)

ADDRESS

W/P/S/G/A



## Sailor Take Warning

1 M. 5. 28

LUCY managed a grin. But her face was tight and grey, and John Francis, touching her forehead, found it hot. "It's nothing," she said. "I'll be all right."

"Sure. But lie still. I'll get breakfast." You think about appendicitis at a time like that. Dosing can be dangerous.

Well, he'd see. He opened a can of grapefruit juice and fried six eggs and carried them on deck. "One egg, thank you," the girl said. So he ate five himself, sitting with his back to the warm sun.

"We'll do the dishes ashore," "I'll help," the girl said.

Ashore, they squatted at the water's edge and scrubbed the frying pan and the dishes with sand; there seemed to be nothing to talk about.

He stacked the dishes in the buckets. "I'm going back to check on Lucy," he said. "What about you? What do you want to do?"

"I'll look around the island."

"Yell when you want to come aboard."

Lucy wasn't any better. She burned with fever; there'd been no diminishing of it. The stomach pains, she whispered to John Francis through clenched teeth, had eased for a while, but now were back again, sharper.

John Francis said gently, "It's going to be all right. Maybe we'd better run across

Continued from page 55

to Iguana and let a doctor look at you."

"Mr. Morgan, you can't do that. Mr. Roark told me—"

"Try to sleep, old girl."

The decision made, John Francis moved fast. He rowed ashore and found Natalie Burton. "Lucy's no better," he said. "It could be appendicitis. At Bight Town on Iguana Island there's a government doctor—"

"Where's Iguana Island?"

"Due west. Thirty miles."

"That's the same distance as Aldebaran. We could take her home."

"No." John Francis was prepared to be extravagantly patient explaining this thing.

"The wind's from the east, do you see? Aldebaran's east—thirty-six miles. But if we sail to Iguana we'll have the wind behind us all the way, pushing. We'll save a good three hours, and three hours might make all the difference—"

"I must be back on Aldebaran to-night."

Then John Francis' face tightened and was hard.

"Must you?" he said, dangerously quiet. "Ah, yes; I forgot. You're fiancé's arriving to-morrow morning, isn't he? You've got to be there to meet him. Lucy's sick, but that's not your fault. She might have appendicitis, but that's not important—not with Mr. Claude Lang arriving—"

He realised that he was shouting. "Listen," he added, more quietly. "I'm taking Lucy to Iguana Island, and I'm leaving now. You can come—or you can stay here on the beach and rot!"

He turned then and walked off rapidly in the direction of the dinghy. For a moment the girl watched him go. Then she ran after him.

It was open warfare then, without truce and not pretty.

He'd seen at the outset, in the first five minutes on the jetty that first morning, that Natalie Burton was selfishness personified. It had been weakness to give in to the pressure of Anthony Roark.

There was the matter of two thousand dollars outstanding, but two thousand dollars was only money. And there ought to be a couple of things a guy wouldn't do for money.

Towards one o'clock the girl made sandwiches and brought them on deck to John Francis, but said no word to him. From then on, she stayed below.

From time to time he heard the murmur of Lucy's voice in the cabin, and once the girl came into the cockpit and seemed about to speak.

She looked, somehow, rather darkly thoughtful and his glancing could not penetrate her thoughts. His eyes were hard and unfriendly. He gave her no encouragement. She went below again without having spoken.

In mid-afternoon the wind fell to nothing, and the weight of the sun in the cockpit was a crushing force. John Francis wound up the engine.

They chugged along at two knots or so until, after an hour, the wind came back again. At five they were over the reef and into the cove of Bight Town. John Francis manoeuvred close to the pier, dropped lines and yelled for the doctor.

A native policeman scuttled off. The doctor came down the sand trail from the settlement on a hill—a brisk old man, scrubbed, serious, wearing white ducks and a spotless cork helmet. "Dr. Atwood," he said.

"I have a sick woman aboard."

Ten minutes later the doctor reappeared on deck. "Emergency," he said. "Appendicitis."

He operated just before seven o'clock. John Francis and the girl sat waiting on the tiny screened verandah of the three-room hospital overlooking the dark sea.

Briefly he considered, and then firmly discarded, the idea of a night passage back to Aldebaran—too many coral shoals off Iguana, easy to spot in daylight, death traps in darkness.

They'd have to wait till sun-up. And Mr. Beverley, of Miami? He would not be amused—arriving to find John Francis away.

So, on the verandah, separated by a yard of space and an empty chair, John Francis and Natalie sat and said nothing. They simply waited.

After a while Dr. Atwood came to them to say that it was all done, that it was fine, that the woman Lucy would need a week or so in the hospital, but was entirely—oh, quite—out of danger.

Please turn to page 61

## Presenting the NEW KOTEX De Luxe BELT



for de luxe comfort

Here's the most super comfort in a Belt you could ever wish for! Elastic as soft as a whisper—wide and easy stretching—adjusts itself to your figure; wide tabs and safety pins give the utmost in security. Buy the new Kotex De Luxe Belt—so soft, so light, so secure—it's the ultimate in comfort for any figure from 22 to 46. 3/6

### OTHER KOTEX FAVORITES

- Kotex Wonderform Belt—adjustable with unbreakable fasteners, or safety pins, 2/11.
- Kotex Featherweight Belt—an economy belt, adjustable with flat, unbreakable fasteners, 1/4.

ALL KOTEX BELTS ARE OF WASHABLE ELASTIC

More Women Buy KOTEX BELTS than all other brands

23/100

EVERY PICTURE TELLS A STORY



**Backache, Leg Pains Disappear**  
Nagging backache, aching joints that cripple you, are due to tired kidneys leaving an excess of acid in your blood. Get DOAN'S Backache Kidney Pills, a special medicine for the kidneys. For more than 50 years, DOAN'S have brought welcome relief to millions of sufferers from backache, rheumatism, leg pains, loss of energy, disturbed night-sleeping, puffiness under eyes, headaches and dizziness. Get DOAN'S today. At Chemists and Stores all over the World.

**DOAN'S** BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS  
Sole Proprietors: Foster-McClellan Co. DPA/0/5

When coughs, colds or a sore throat leave you feeling miserable...

"HERE'S JUST WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED!"



You can feel them doing you good!

Always keep a packet handy  
On Sale everywhere

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS



### No. 805.—FOUR GUEST-TOWELS

Four designs, traced ready to embroider in cream or white Irish linen, or British cotton in lemon, blue, pink, and green. They measure 17in. x 24in. Prices: Linen 6/9, or set of four 26/3; cotton 4/3, or set of four 16/3.

### No. 806.—BOY'S SUIT

The shirt has inverted pleats, Peter Pan collar, and long sleeves; the pants button on to the shirt. The complete suit is cut out ready to make in creases in shades of cream, blue, maize, green, grey, and brown. Separate colors may be ordered for pants and shirt if desired. Sizes: Length 18in. 2yrs., 19/6; length 19in., 3yrs., 20/3; length 20in., 4yrs., 20/11; length 23in., 5-6yrs., 21/6.

### No. 807.—THREE-PIECE LAYETTE

Layette, comprising frock, petticoat, and bonnet, is available cut out ready to make and traced to embroider. The material is cream crease or rayon crepe-de-chine in white, pastel-blue, and pink. Sizes: Infants to 6 months. Prices: Frock, 16/11; petticoat, 9/9; and bonnet, 4/6.

### No. 808.—TWO D'OYLEYS

Traced ready to embroider in cream or white Irish linen or organdie in white, blue, lemon, pink, and green; also a British cotton in blue, lemon, pink, and green. D'Oyleys measure 5in. x 11in., and 8in. x 8in. Prices: Linen, 1/3; cotton and organdie, 1/4 each.



• Send your orders for Needlework Notions (note prices) to Pattern Department at address given for your State on page 63. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide.



# Sailor Take Warning

NATALIE'S quick wits made a bat, smothered and on the still air. John Francis, startled, turned to look at her, but her face was a mask, expressionless.

"Doctor," he said, "is there a place where Miss Burton can sleep ashore to-night?"

"My wife will arrange it." "We'll leave at seven in the morning."

"Wait," Natalie said. "May I talk to you for a few minutes?"

"No. I've got to get back to the boat. Try and be on time—seven."

Her shoulders tensed. She said coldly, "I'll be there."

Eight miles off Aldebaran, just past ten at night, they picked up the fixed red light on the hill behind the town.

Patches of high cloud obscured the moon, but John Francis knew the inner bay. They were alongside the main wharf before midnight.

"I'll walk to the hotel with you," John Francis said.

"You needn't."

## Quiz answers

Answers to world affairs quiz on page 18:

- 1: Bamangwato tribe. 2: Mao Tse Tung. 3: P. C. Spender. 4: The 38th Parallel. 5: Queen Juliana. 6: A blue ground with globe in white circled by a laurel wreath. 7: Captain P. G. Taylor. 8: Wife of the President of Argentina. 9: The 77th Fighter Squadron. 10: In the Eastern or Soviet Zone, but the Western Powers control part of it and have right of access.

"I will. And I'll send your gear along in the morning. Is your Mr. Claude Lang staying at the Grand?"

For the space of a breath she did not answer. Then she said: "Yes. He should be."

The streets of the town were white and silent. John Francis, back aboard at the main wharf, slept on deck till dawn and then, in the fresh early morning breeze, cast off and crossed the bay to the mooring in front of his house. He showered and shaved and gave a thought to breakfast.

Breakfast first. Then a cable to Miami, to A. J. Beverley, of the Beverley Banana Import Corporation. Not that he entertained any hopes—Beverley was no doubt hopping mad.

Well, he could be philosophical about it, he supposed; but not happy. Phrases tumbled in his mind: Deeply Regret Inability to Meet Your Plane at Aldebaran Yesterday—(because, dear sir, I'd gone sailing with a spoiled brat of a girl!)

Also, to be fair, because poor Lucy had popped her appendix. He wanted to be scrupulously fair to Miss Burton. And he found himself wondering whether the white-haired boy of Hemispheric Steel had come in on schedule yesterday.

"Mr. Lang," he said suddenly, surprisingly, and loud, "can have her."

He was aware of a weariness still in his bones that sleep had not quite dispelled. The cable could wait till noon.

Continued from page 60

Meanwhile, there was work to do on the boat.

He got up and called Anthony Roark; but Anthony was not in his office, so he explained to his secretary about Lucy, and afterwards went down to the jetty and jumped aboard Bwanga.

He cleaned out the galley, emptied the fresh-water tank. Then he heard the heel taps on the jetty and he lifted his head out of the engine-well.

The girl with the yellow-gold hair stared down into the cockpit of the sloop and in a direct voice, low and clear, asked, "Is this boat for hire?"

"What?" John Francis began and paused. He was watching the girl's face. He wasn't sure about what he saw there, and he wanted to know. But he said: "No. Not for hire."

"Oh. Then you never take people sailing?"

"Sometimes. But only friends. Certainly not for hire."

"I'm sorry," Natalie Burton said. She wasn't smiling, her eyes were dark and serious and steadily fixed upon him. "You see, I'm going to spend quite a long time here and I like sailing."

"Do you?" John Francis said. "I wouldn't have guessed it."

"No." Her hands moved quickly in a half-gesture and fell again to her sides. "Listen, John Francis—"

"Where's your fiancee?" "Gone."

"You mean he didn't arrive?"

"I mean he's gone. He arrived yesterday and he's gone to-day—half an hour ago. I told him what I had to tell him and I don't care what you think, and it wasn't easy."

She was crying then and the words were a little blurred. What she was saying was that she'd behaved badly, and she didn't try to excuse herself—that what Lucy had told her in the cabin on the way to Igua—

John Francis waited.

"She told me why you had to be back here yesterday, because of the Miami man. Because of your plantation. Anthony Roark had told her how much it meant to you. And I couldn't understand you making such a sacrifice for anybody. You could have brought Lucy back to Aldebaran."

Then for the first time she smiled at him.

"I couldn't understand, John Francis—at first. The people I've known—like my father, like Claude—have always got what they wanted without considering anybody else. And I've been no different. When I've wanted something I've been ruthless about it. Like forcing myself aboard your boat—"

"Forget it," John Francis said. "Tell me about Claude Lang."

"Claude would have let Lucy take her chances."

"Well?" John Francis said. "I like your way better."

There was something im-

## TV's THREAT TO RADIO STARS

TELEVISION is likely to bring to an abrupt end the popularity of some of Australia's big-name broadcasters.

Millions of radio listeners will be viewing, for the first time, dozens of people who, over the radio years, have been disembodied attachments to their voices.

Only these voices have built up their owners as top-rating radio actors, comedians, and announcers.

When the owners have to accompany their voices in the TV parade, listeners will have to start to like them all over again.

In many cases listeners won't like what they see, because the average eye is a lot more critical than the average ear.

In a special preview for A.M. radio and film critic Alexander MacDonald looks over the field, and speculates on how some of the top stars will fare in TV.

You will be interested to read MacDonald's objective opinions in A.M. for April. A.M. is on sale everywhere.

portant to say, but he did not say it then. Because the house-boy was screaming from the lawn that Mr. Anthony Roark was on the phone.

John Francis said, "Wait here!" and went to the house and said, "Hello, Anthony—"

"Hello, there! How're you feeling? Fine. Good. Look—I want to thank you for taking care of Lucy. Maybe I can repay you some day. Now about Mr. Beverley—"

"What about Mr. Beverley?" "You weren't back. So I picked him up at the airfield and drove him out to your place. He's a smart one. Took soil samples, checked the fruit, looked for disease—found none. Very pleased. I think I covered up for you. Said you'd had a cable calling you to Nassau yesterday, matter of life or death."

"Tony, you're a wizard!" "Sure. It looks good, Johnny. I think you're in. Beverley wants you to fly to Miami for a conference on details."

There was a wonderful breeze dancing across the blue-

green bay, kicking up fresh little whitecaps. John Francis galloped across the lawn and slowed down at the jetty and then walked very slowly.

He walked up to the girl with the yellow-gold hair and laid his hands on her shoulders. She tilted her head a little to look into his eyes, and she was smiling up at him, and this time he thought he could read her smile.

"You were asking," he said, "whether Bwanga's for hire. She isn't. But it's a very fine day for a fast run out beyond the headland, and if you'd care to come along—"

"Bless you, Captain," Natalie said softly. "I'd love to come along—as mate."

"Mate?" he said. "Oh, yes. One skipper."

"One will be enough," she said. And John Francis, lightly touching her hand, was somewhat amazed, as any man would be, that she had in that instant fathomed his heart and his mind so perfectly.

(Copyright)

## BLACK FRIDAY

was a blessing in disguise

TALK ABOUT BLACK FRIDAY! I NEARLY GOT THE SACK TODAY.

THAT'S NOT LIKE YOU JILL. WHAT HAPPENED?

OH—EVERYTHING WENT WRONG. I HAVEN'T BEEN FEELING WELL FOR AGES.

OH—SO THAT'S WHAT'S WRONG. IF YOU KEEP TAKING THIS AND THAT YOU'LL NEVER FEEL WELL! WHY DON'T YOU SEE A DOCTOR AND FIND OUT THE CAUSE OF YOUR TROUBLE?

THERE'S NOTHING ORGANICALLY WRONG WITH YOU, MISS BLIGH. THAT DULL, 'HALF ALIVE' FEELING WILL VANISH ONCE YOU'RE REGULAR—AND YOU DON'T NEED MEDICINES FOR THAT. I'LL TELL YOU WHAT TO DO...

A FEW WEEKS LATER... THAT MUST HAVE COST YOU A PRETTY PENNY!

I'VE BEEN PROMISED A RISE!

Read what the Doctor told Miss Bligh...

YOUR HEALTH DEPENDS ON WHAT YOU EAT—EVERY DAY. TODAY'S SOFT, OVER-COOKED FOODS OFTEN LACK THE VITAL BULK YOUR SYSTEM NEEDS FOR REGULAR ELIMINATION. KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN SUPPLIES SMOOTH-ACTING BULK WHICH HELPS PREPARE INTERNAL WASTES FOR EASY, GENTLE AND NATURAL ELIMINATION. YOU DON'T NEED MEDICINES.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is a natural laxative, health food and blood tonic

Made from the vital outer layers of wheat, Kellogg's All-Bran brings you more protective food elements than whole wheat itself! Kellogg's All-Bran is actually richer in iron than spinach—and is a natural source of Vitamins B<sub>1</sub> for the nerves, B<sub>2</sub> for the eyes.

Calcium for the teeth, Phosphorus for the bones and Niacin for the skin. Kellogg's All-Bran not only relieves constipation but builds you up day by day at the same time. Being a wholesome food, it gives you strength and energy—instead of taking it out of you.



## DELICIOUS THIS WAY...

Kellogg's All-Bran has a toasted, nutty flavour. You may prefer to eat it sprinkled over your favourite breakfast cereal or straight out of the packet with sliced fruit, milk and sugar. Ask for Kellogg's All-Bran today and discover what regularity REALLY means! Sold at all grocers.



*Fly via*  
**BCPA**  
*to*  
**ENGLAND**  
*for the*  
**Festival of Britain\***



\* Britain is on show for the world this year at the Festival of Britain — a great once-in-a-century national celebration.

and see **AMERICA**  
on your way . . .

**STOPOVER ANYWHERE EN ROUTE**

**No Extra Fare!**

- ★ It costs you no more to fly the world's most glamorous route to England . . . via America and the Pacific with BCPA!
- ★ You'll see colourful Hawaii, exotic Fiji. You'll visit fabulous cities such as New York, San Francisco, or if you wish, Chicago, Los Angeles, Montreal, Vancouver.
- ★ For no extra fare you may break your journey at any route points in the Pacific, U.S.A. or Canada. Crossing America you have the choice of dozens of different air routes, enabling you to plan your itinerary to take in the cities you really want to see.
- ★ If speed is an essential of your journey, you can arrive in London in only 3½ days, which includes a 7-hour stopover at Honolulu.
- ★ No dollar problems for through passengers—BCPA provides a special dollar allowance for meals and accommodation.
- ★ All fares, including any additional overseas travel you may require, are payable in Australian currency.
- ★ It's luxury travel all the way in the world's finest, fastest airliners—including BCPA's magnificent sleeper-equipped DC-6's which speed you to San Francisco in less than 28 hours' actual flying time.



**BCPA**



Information and bookings from your local travel agent or any airline booking office.  
 General Agents: Trans-Australia Airlines.  
 BCPA Head Office: 53 Martin Place, Sydney.  
 Telephone BW 2741.

*British Commonwealth Pacific Airlines Ltd.*

SYDNEY • FIJI • CANTON ISLAND • HONOLULU • SAN FRANCISCO • VANCOUVER. WITH IMMEDIATE CONNECTIONS TO U.K. VIA U.S.A. OR CANADA



# 101 uses —



**ANDREX**  
Cleansing Tissues

In the handy dispenser carton  
at all Chemists and leading Department Stores

Pick a pack  
of  
**SAXA**  
the pick of  
packet salt



## New Treatment for FIBROSITIS

(Rheumatic type pains in muscles, hands, arms, shoulders, back, legs and joints.)

If you suffer from stabbing, throbbing pain in your joints, hands, back, shoulders, arms and legs, due to Fibrositis, you should take Remmid at once.

Remmid is a recently developed formula and is now available in Australia at all Chemists to fight your fibrositis pain in these 3 ways: 1. It starts sleeping pain in 30 to 40 minutes. 2. It removes excess irritating acids and poisons which de-vitalise the muscles. 3. It kills certain germs which infect muscles and joints. Because of its three-way action Remmid gives quick and positive results. Try it under the guarantee that it must satisfy completely or your money back on return of empty box. Get Remmid from your chemist today.

Resist  
Winter  
ailments..!



Coughs and colds that cannot be "shoved off" have a weakening effect on the system, particularly with elderly sufferers. In such cases Angier's Emulsion will be found to be soothing and strengthening and will prove markedly beneficial. Angier's is palatable and can be assimilated by the most delicate.

In new sizes, from all Chemists.

**Angier's**  
EMULSION

PREPARED BY: FARMER & SON, LTD.,  
100, CHANCERY STREET, LONDON, W.C.2.

**A.M. AUSTRALIAN LEADING MONTHLY MAGAZINE**  
Fiction, Sports, and Color Pictures. Articles  
At all Newsagents and Bookstalls. 1/-  
FIRST OF EVERY MONTH

The Australian Women's Weekly — April 21, 1951

# Fashion PATTERNS

SEND your orders for Fashion Patterns (note prices) to Pattern Department at the address given below for your city. Or patterns may be obtained from our offices at: Newspaper House, 247 Collins Street, Melbourne; 24-26 Rialto Street, Adelaide; The Examiner, 71-73 Paterson Street, Lancaster; 81 Elizabeth Street, Brisbane; 184 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney.  
Box 4910, G.P.O., Perth.  
Box 3384, G.P.O., Adelaide.  
Box 408F, G.P.O., Brisbane.  
Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.  
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.  
Box 666, Auckland.  
Box 86-D, G.P.O., Hobart.



F6386



F6387



F6388

F6389

F6390

F6391

## Pattern for beginners

F6387.—Boy's jacket. Sizes: 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Requires 1½ yds. 54in. material. Special price, 1/6.

F6386.—Evening frock. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 9 yds. 36in. material with ½ yd. 36in. contrasting lace. Price, 3/6.

F6388.—Frock. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½ yds. 54in. material. Price, 2/6.

F6390.—Frock. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½ yds. 54in. material. Price, 2/6.

F6389.—Suit. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3 yds. 54in. material. Price, 2/9.

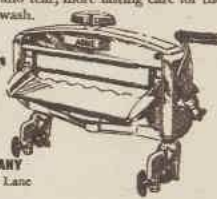
F6391.—Jacket suit. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½ yds. 54in. material and ½ yd. 36in. contrasting material. Price, 2/9.



Do you  
care for pretty  
things?  
Acme does!

Your finest silks, gayest cottons, sturdiest linens, fluffiest woollens—all your pretty things are safe with Acme. Acme cares for the whole family wash. And the secret of this care is Acme pressure. Firm, even pressure controlled by Acme's latest feature, the "pressure indicator", working through resilient rubber rollers! These rollers, the result of 70 years' experience, are developed and made complete in the Acme factory on specially designed plant. These special rollers expel embedded dirt with the surplus water, to give you extra cleansing, and to preserve the life of each fabric. Everything you put into the Acme comes out with a new look—with longer life ahead! Acme pressure means less wear and tear, more lasting care for the whole family wash.

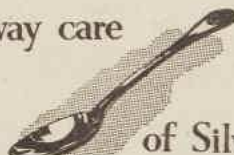
**ACME**  
the cleanser-wringer  
A product of 70 years' manufacturing supremacy



Obtainable at all leading hardware and department stores  
Factory Representatives  
**J. CHALEYER AND COMPANY**  
Pioneer House, 353 Flinders Lane  
MELBOURNE, C.1

Manufactured by ACME WRINGERS LIMITED DAVID STREET GLASGOW SE, SCOTLAND

## Three-way care of Silverware



GODDARD'S PLATE POWDER, world renowned for more than 110 years as the finest polish for silver. The choice of the connoisseur.



GODDARD'S SILVER POLISH is liquid and consists of the Plate Powder ready mixed with suitable ingredients. A boon to the busy housewife.



GODDARD'S SILVER CLOTH provides the best one-process method of polishing lightly tarnished silver. After washing spoons and forks a rub with this cloth will dry and polish them at the same time.

## Goddard's Silver Polishes

## ALL UGLY HAIR GONE!



### IN 3 MINUTES

Just apply the amazing hair-removing cream called Veeet. After three minutes wash off. Every trace of hair is gone like magic! Veeet leaves your arms and legs velvety-soft and smooth. No stubble like

the razor leaves. No risk of cuts or scrapes. Veeet is the easy, quick, modern way to end the embarrassment of unwanted hair. Successful results guaranteed, with Veeet or money refunded. At all chemists and stores. 3/6 per tube; large economy size, 6/-.



*Often  
battered  
never  
bettered*

*But-try  
them by  
themselves*

*only*  
**Arnotts**  
*make*  
**Sao (REGD.)\* Biscuits**

\* The name "SAO," registered by William Arnott Pty. Ltd. in 1906, is now a household word for crisp cracker biscuits throughout Australia and beyond.  
*There is no Substitute for Quality.*